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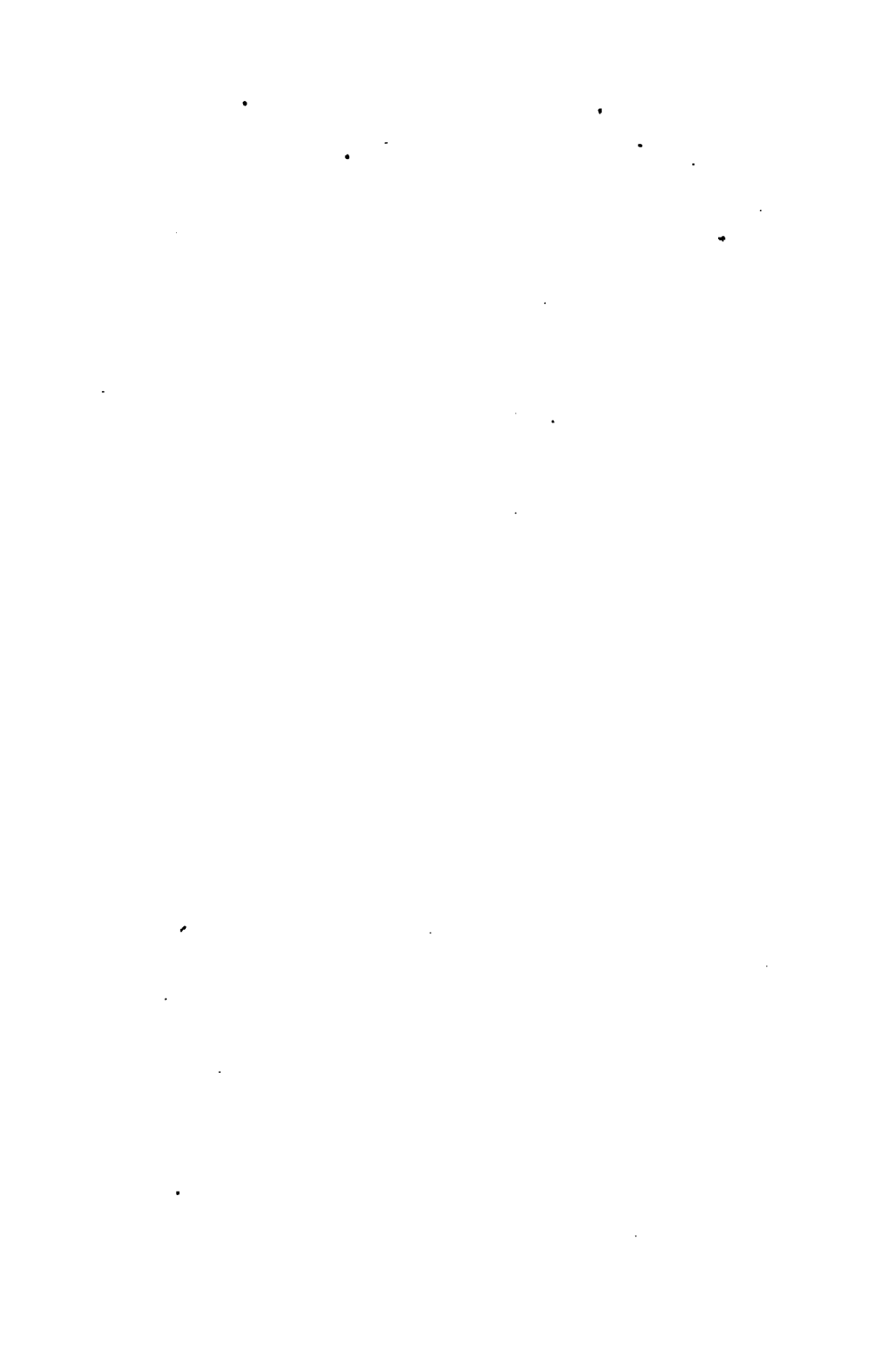




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OR,

PASSAGES WITH PARALLEL HINTS

for Translation

INTO LATIN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

FRED. E. GRETTON, B.D.

HEAD MASTER OF STAMFORD FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, FORMERLY FELLOW OF
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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P R E F A C E.

MANY excellent Collections of Passages for Translation into Latin Prose and Verse have been published of late. It is however questionable whether mere Selections, however good, are all that is practically required in Schools. By themselves they levy a severe tax upon the Master's time, before they can be available for the use of his Pupils. Under this impression, I have coupled with each exercise, in the present series, a version all but literally rendered back from my own translation of the original. A few short Notes are added at the end, containing either references to Authors, or unusual words and phrases: these are indicated by a different type.

I have thus endeavoured to consult the convenience of Teachers, by supplying legitimate leading-strings for those whom they have to initiate in a very needful, but not a very easy craft.

Stamford, 10th Nov. 1852.



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PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION.

I.

MAN is not born to flutter fair,
As butterflies in summer air :
As that leviathan, to play
In pastime through the watery way :
As opening flowers, the shade to shun,
And spread their beauties to the sun.
Each fly and fish and flower we see,
A warning is 'gainst vanity.
Yet there are pleasures, pure and holy,
Which even the mourner may allure,
And chase away his melancholy,
Or lessen, if they cannot cure.

J. Bush.

I.

Into ELEGIACS.

We men are not born to flutter lightly in the air, as the light insect flits in the summer light. Not as the monster traverses the surface of the sea, to whom except pastime there remains nothing to do in the waters. We are not as flowers which shun the cold and the shade, that they may

expand their beauty, in the mid-fire of the sun. If we discern the insect, the fish, the flower; they warn us, that bosoms should not swell doomed to die. But there remains to us a pure and sincere pleasure; hence too there shall be that by which the mourner may be allured. This will be able to dispel the silent sorrow of the mind; if it cannot remove, it will lighten its sad burden.

II.

I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be lost in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed; and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius, and the meanest understanding. A faculty of doing things remarkably praiseworthy, thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

Spectator.

II.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

To check the impulses of the mind, if at any time they hurry on too keenly, to resist vehement anger, (or) the goadings of

revenge, is not indeed difficult. But indolence, as a river wandering in listless stream, yet subverts from the foundation all virtues. It were better that a vice, which is more ardent, should hold sway over us than this rust of the mind, which infects the whole life with its taint. It would be scarcely less dangerous to suffer shipwreck amid the storms, than thus deserted by the winds ever to linger at anchor. Nor will it have availed anything to have within the seeds of a thousand virtues, if energy and firmness be wanting, whence they may be exercised. By death indeed all are brought to a level; but this image of death, this torpor of the mind, brings it about, that between the highest mental endowments and the least talent there is absolutely no difference. The faculty of doing praiseworthy things, if it be concealed, profits nothing more him, in whom it exists, than heaps of gold the miser, which he dare not enjoy.

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

III.

The rivers rush into the sea,
 By castle and town they go;
 The winds behind them merrily
 Their noisy trumpets blow.

The clouds are passing far and high,
 We little birds in them play;
 And every thing that can sing and fly
 Goes with us, and far away.

Passages for Translation

I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
 With thy fluttering golden band?
 I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea
 I haste from the narrow land.

Full and swollen is every sail;
 I see no longer a hill;
 I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
 And it will not let me stand still.

And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
 Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
 For full to sinking is my house
 With merry companions all.

Longfellow.

III.

Into ELEGIACS.

The rivers in headlong stream run down to the sea, and by towers, by towns, they pass. Behind the fitful murmurs of the whispering wind resound, not otherwise sound the hoarse trumpets of Mars. The clouds aloft sweep hurriedly over the sky, we birds, a little tribe, sport among the mists. And to whomsoever a voice be given, to whom (there be) given a fleeter wing, hence afar, hence associated with us he goes. Hail to me, O boat, whither now, or whence are you returning, as the broad band invites the kindly south winds? Hail, thou little bird, from the edge of the narrow land I am borne; I seek the briny seas. Both their bosoms are filled, and the swelling sails stretch; no longer the topmost heights are open to my eyes. Lo! hence I am carried away, to the hoarse gales a stranger

entrusted to them ; *under these guides there can be no stay to my rapid flight. O bird ! may there be to thee the will to depart hence with us ; on the top of the mast there remains a safe seat. In truth, my house is all but sinking on the surface of the wave, so many comrades, a joyous band, fill my bark.*

IV.

I need not and seek not company ;
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone :
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I ;
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys ?
When the merry companions are still, at last
Thou shall hear the sound of my voice.

Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one !
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow ;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither poet nor printer may know.

Longfellow.

IV.

Into ELEGIACS.

My mind seeks not, or longs for those companions ; pretty bark, it is enough if I sing alone to myself. I should hang too great a weight from the top of the mast ; pretty bark, wings are given me by lot. Over the sails of the ship, over the high peaks of the mast, who would deny that I, hurried away, have joys. When at last your joyous companions are silent beneath the shades, yet my voice shall still give its accustomed sounds. To them no rest is given, nor to hear the whispers ; but O I would that the Gods would bring to each their best blessings. Lo ! I through the bright temples of the azure day am borne, and among the golden fields of light. I pour from my throat an uninterrupted strain, from whatever quarter the blasts of the winds sound. But of my poured forth strain, as long as life remains to me, not poet or written paper shall know the melody.

V.

Muses ! your sweetest warblings wake
 For golden Aphrodite's sake :
 She o'er the Gods soft love can shed,
 She mortal man controls ;
 And birds and beast her influence dread,
 And ocean's scaly shoals.
 At thy bidding bow they down,
 Goddess of the radiant crown !
 Three only of the heavenly band
 Can thy persuasive wiles withstand.

Anstice.—Translation from Hom. Hymn to Venus.

V.

Into ALCAICS.

Ye, O melodious Pieridis, extol with joyous praises the Cyprian Goddess; both Gods and mortal bands she alone rules with supreme sway. The savage wild beasts amid the woods dread your influence; beneath the heaven the winged race, beneath the waves of ocean the fishes, roving tribe, have felt what you could do. Thus all things confess thy power, and obey the laws of your grateful empire; Thee, conspicuous for glittering crown, they reverence as a kindly mistress. But there are who refuse to endure the yoke of love; among the sacred Choir there are three Goddesses, who know neither the wiles nor the shafts of the wanton one.

VI.

And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!

Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be, To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?

And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear My footsteps on the threshold when I came back last year! And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown; And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!

Now all these things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways, Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays; And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return, Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.

The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
 Now for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
 And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb."

Macaulay.

VI.

Into HEXAMETERS.

And now a shade of doubtful darkness was spread before his eyes, the compressed throat of the parent swelled; and with changed voice he began—"O dearest child, farewell; with what affection did I cling to thee! Sometimes to others I may be harsh; to thee, I call yourself too to witness, I never could have been, for who could be harsh to thee? But well the daughter responded to the father's love. Truly rejoicing she caught my returning steps in the former year, and on the very threshold of my dwelling exulting she gazed upon the badge of my civic crown. The sword, which she had just taken from my side, being hung up, herself brought forth from the antient chest my toga of peace. Alas this has been! the comfort of my home is gone, the harmless sport, the soothing of (her) tongue, the labours of her needle, the songs of old bards thrown in the while. There will be none to yearn now for me when going forth to the camp, to receive me with smiles on my return, to sit constant at the couch of me sick, or to adorn my ashes with tears. And the house which had been more prosperous than any at Rome, and had envied not the marble halls of Capua; in which the genial light of thy smile shone forth, and the melody of thy pleasant voice was heard, alas! sunk in perpetual darkness, shall henceforth know still silence."

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

VII.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying :
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting ;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When Youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Herrick.

VII.

Into ELEGIACS.

Gather, ye Nymphs, while it may be allowed you, garlands of roses ; gather them ; time passes with fleet decline. The floweret which glitters to-day in the bright gardens, to-morrow will be dying, its stem cut down. The Sun, which shines the purest lamp of heaven, the more it essays the arched height of

the sky ; so will it be given him the sooner to reach the goal of his course, the sooner will he put forth a setting beam. This which comes first, comes the best age to us, while joyous Youth bounds with warm blood. Worse times succeed, from hence the worst arise ; they are assigned in a perpetual change deteriorating. If ye are wise, excessive modesty will not hinder love, and each, while the hour permits, will allure a husband. Forsooth if the flower of genial beauty shall have passed away, she who is now unwee'd will remain a lone old woman.

VIII.

The third qualification of an Epic poem is its greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's settlement in Italy produced the Cæsars, and gave birth to the Roman Empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former ; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels ; the Messiah their friend ; and the Almighty their protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this admirable poem.

Addison.

VIII.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

Doubtless the third merit of an Epic poem consists in its greatness. Of such consequence was the wrath of Achilles that it implanted enmities in the Grecian Princes, utterly uprooted the heroes of Troy ; yea, tore asunder into parties the inhabitants of heaven themselves. That the Æneadæ fixed their settlement in Italy, hence the race of Cæsars sprang, and the beginning of the Roman Empire. But Milton's subject was loftier than both these ; for it determines the destinies not of individuals, nor of states, but of a whole race. The collected powers of the shades conspired the destruction of the human race. What was indeed to a certain point effected, that they seemed to have had power (to do) entirely, had not the all-powerful hand of God interposed. Here play the first parts, man as perfect as possible, woman of surpassing beauty. Angels cast down from heaven fight against these ; Messias aids them ; the omnipotent Father defends them. Finally, whatever in the wide circuit of living things is excellent, within or without the boundaries of nature, has its own proper place assigned to it in this beautiful poem.

IX.

Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise
Of conflict ; overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.

So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder, when
Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions.

Milton.

IX.

Into HEXAMETERS.

On all sides now the excited rage of fury resounds, and clamour such as along the heights of the æthereal sky was not heard before. Now this horrible discord of savage war strikes arms on rattling arms. Then afar off cars, hurried through the expanse, thundered with brazen wheels; the dire carnage and clang of conflicting war falls upon the astonished ears. Moreover too a dismal hissing increases the terrors, where, above, the fiery darts were flying with impetuosity, and, as they flew, surrounded both armies with flames. So beneath the darts, beneath the flaming arch, the opposing bands rushed upon one another from different part; on the one side with rage not to be satiated, on the other side with vigour of attack. Heaven resounded on all sides; if the Earth had been, the Earth would at the same time quake on all sides from its lowest roots. What wonder, when thus on both sides countless angels were mingling battles, amongst whom the least could move those elements with inborn strength, and reckless could take to himself the arms of the æthereal region.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

X.

The day is ending,
The night is descending ;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes,
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;
The buried fences
Mark no longer ;
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell,

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing,
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

Longfellow.

X.

Into ELEGIACS.

And now the day wanes, and the shades of night are gathering ; the sluggish stream stops, the marsh stands frozen. As the fitful flame in the hearth, so the sun flashes from the cloud ; while the window of the village glitters with red light. A heap of snow being overlaid, now the blocked-up hedge no longer as a boundary fences off the road in the plain. As ill-omened ghosts, on the edge of the meadow a languid procession comes in funeral train. The mournful bell resounds through the tremulous air ; an echo stricken vibrates in our senses. Shades creep along the ground ; my heart palpitates within ; and my bosom utters, and reiterates funeral strokes.

XI.

I saw a glowworm light his fairy lamp,
Close where a little torrent forced its way
Through broad-leaved water-sedge and alder damp ;
Above the glowworm, from some lower spray
Of the near mountain-ash, the silver song
Of night's sweet chorister came clear and strong.

No thrilling note of melancholy wail ;
Ne'er pour'd the thrush more musical delight
Through noon-day laurels, than that nightingale,
In the lone forest to the ear of Night :
Ev'n as the light web by Arachne spun,
From bough to bough suspended in the sun,

Ensnared the heedless insect,—so, methought
 Midway in air my soul arrested hung
 In the melodious meshes ; never aught
 To mortal lute was so divinely sung !
 Surely, O prophet, these the sound and sign ;
 Which make the lot, the search determines, mine.

Bulwer—King Arthur.

XI.

Into HEXAMETERS.

Its kindled torch brought before my feet the magic fires of the glowworm ; where a rapid rivulet, among the broad leaves of the sedges, and by the dank alders, made itself a winding course with torrent streams. But above the little fires of the glowworm, as it were, a silvery voice fell upon the ear in the covert of the ashen bough. Inasmuch as the sweet songstress of night was putting forth clear melody, and yet no shrill modulation of sorrow. Not more, beneath the mid-sun of a summer day, has the thrush with its strains stolen over the inmost senses, than, when the calm night was still around, Philomela urged her harmonious notes in the hiding places of the woods. Just as Arachne suspends from bough to bough her light webs in the glittering glare of the sun, and catches the incautious fly in the midst of her nets ; not otherwise, methought, aloft in the pure æther my enthralled mind hung in melodious meshes. Not thus to mortal harp did voice of songster modulated answer ! Say, Thou, O dearest Prophet, this sound, this sign, why should it not be given to me as an omen ? To follow the footsteps of the king it falls by lot to me alone.

XII.

Loud winds bluster,
The long rains fall ;
Yet ripen'd fruits will cluster
Upon tree and wall :
For, wind and darkness passing,
Come flowers and perfume,
And in peace and light that follow
Open foliage and bloom ;
Then the corn to full ear, fruit to ripeness,
In order due shall come.
Gusts howl and sweep,
The bitter waters foam ;
Yet the mariners on the deep
Shall rest in their home ;
For the blue of ocean and of air
Will both again be bright,
And waves and stars will sparkle
In the cool still night ;
And, steady winds blowing,
Bring the shore in sight.

Lynch—Theophilus Trinal.

XII.

Into ELEGIACS.

Both the fury and the roar of the winds rise, a shower of stormy water falls from the loaded cloud. But the ripened produce and fruits will cling beneath the shade of the tree,

and on their walls. When the winds, when the dismal darkness has passed, the tender flower, and the scent in the tender flower will return. Peace, and the companion of peace, genial light again will follow, and the beauties and foliage will unfold on the trees. The crops shall flourish with ears of corn, and the fruits ready to fall, in separate order, each in their own time. The fitful blasts of Boreas sweep in the troubled sky, a bitter surge is on the waters of the ocean. To the sailors, who struggle in the water of the dark sea, it shall soon be given to enjoy the wished-for rest. The azure of ocean beneath, and of heaven above, illumined shall resume its wonted glory. Then waves and stars shall gleam, when the gentler hour brings the tender dews of night. Favouring breezes blow continually from the stern, and the near shore is again before their eyes.

XIII.

Big clouds darken,
 The lightnings shoot;
 Yet again shall we hearken
 To the bird's glad note;
 For, the heavy drops fallen,
 The hidden sun will beam;
 The clouds will melt and vanish,
 The golden light will stream,
 And the freshen'd earth with fragrance
 And melody will teem.
 All change changing,
 Works and brings good;
 And though frequent storms raging
 Carry fire and flood;

And the growing corn is beaten down,
The young fruits fall and moulder,
The vessels reel, the mariners drown,
Awing the beholder ;
Yet in evil to man is good for man :
Then let our heart be bolder ;
For more and more shall appear the plan,
As the world and we grow older.

Lynch—Theophilus Trinal.

XIII.

Into ELEGIACS.

*Clouds gathered with clouds grow dark, in the troubled sky the lightnings cast with thunder flash. But again the gar-
rulous air shall bring to our gladdened ears the notes of birds in wonted sweetness. As soon as the shower shall have shed its falling drops, Phæbus will put forth his face in the obscure sky. The thin clouds will vanish, the darkness being dispersed, a golden light will transmit its beam through the expanse. Moreover too the renovated earth will glow with new scent, and the melody of birds will arise through the shrubberies. Thus varied vicissitudes are changed in varying hours ; which produce advantage and gain to all things. And although, as the rapid storms rage in the air, they bring fire and a deluge over the earth ; the ripe crops are beaten down to the wet plain, and the fruits fallen from their stem perish in moulder ; the ships may be shattered, the sailors drowned in the whirlpool ; that the hearts of beholders quiver with fear. Whatever evils there may be, the same are blessings to weary mortals ; but*

then let our oppressed hearts shake off fear. For this plan shall appear more and more plain, as in the lapse of time accumulated days increase.

XIV.

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain ;
The marble stone is pierc'd at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain :
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stag, that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set ;
The swiftest bird that flies about,
At length is caught in fowler's net :
The greatest fish, in deepest brook,
Is soon deceived by subtle hook.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doth waste,
The heav'ns, the earth, consume at last.

But virtue sits, triumphing still,
Upon the throne of glorious fame ;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whate'er betides,
The state of Virtue never slides.

Prior.

XIV.

Into ALCAICS.

The rock may stand firm in its own bulk, yet it is rent by the continual assault of the wave ; and the marble eaten out is hollowed by the perpetual sprinklings of rain. If the ox obstinate oft kicks back, at last he will yield his worn neck to the yoke ; and the hard rigour of the iron is overcome by the sure stroke of the hammer. The stag may exult in her course through the fields, but the keen dogs with rabid energy will stay her ; and the bird with fleet wing is entangled in the deceitful nets. The largest fish which floats in the lowest whirlpool of the stream that lies safely hid, presently by the art of the fisherman sticks the victim of the pitiless hook. Nay, (he) to whom all things yield beneath the laws of his supreme sway, to man there is not enough strength or skilful art to avoid the ruin of death. And whatever is conceived anywhere, it will fall overwhelmed in the lapse of waning time ; broken up, the world will fall to pieces, the earth and the upper heaven together. But pure Virtue sits on her throne, glorious in the triumphs of fame ; Libitina, if she strike the mortal body, cannot injure the honourable name. Whatever the lot of his life may have brought to any one, whatever it may bring in the last hour of death, no length of time will be able to move the intact honours of Virtue !

XV.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,
 Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks
 Of delicate Galesus ; and no less
 Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores :
 Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-white herd,

To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
 Devoted on the inviolable stream
 Of rich Clitumnus; and the goatherd lived
 As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows
 Of cool Lucretilis, where the pipe was heard
 Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks
 With tutelary music, from all harm
 The fold protecting.

Wordsworth.

XV.

Into HEXAMETERS.

How well *both sheep and shepherds* used to live in the
olden time; Jupiter bestowed on them long spring and
 tepid winters, *whether they wandered beside the pleasant*
banks and flowery meads of Galesus, or by the verdant edge
 of the *Hadriatic* shore. *How well the old neatherds used to*
live, who guarded the snowy herds, preserved either for the
frankincense-burning altars of the Deity, or for the triumphs
of heroes, where the Clitumnus, sacred river, traverses the
fields. *Not otherwise did life flow on to the lowly goatherds*
among the vales and grateful shades of Lucretilis; where the
light pipe of Pan, the Deity not being seen, is heard among
the crags, among the echoing rocks of the country. *That God,*
by the magic sweetness of his song, rendered goats and sheep-
cotes safe from all harm.

XVI.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
 Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
 Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
 And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
 For thee descends the sunny shower ;
 The rills in softer murmurs flow,
 And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths,
 And tiptoe joys their hands combine ;
 And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
 And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng,
 On quivering fin and rustling wing,
 Delighted join their votive song,
 And hail thee Goddess of the Spring.

Darwin.

XVI.

Into ELEGIACS.

Thou who art born in the blaze of the Eastern sky, O genial Maia, let thy beauty beam forth. Let thy blue eyes, in which love clings, be opened; let the breeze gently fan thy golden hair. Lo ! for thee the fragrant Zephyrs blow from the mountains ; lo ! for thee the drop falls in the rays of Iris. The fountains pour forth sprinklings with gentler murmur, and through the shrubberies the flowers shine brighter. The Graces bring garlands ; Joys also around have twined their united hands on tiptoe. Among whom Cupid breathes glad contagion, and, laughing, links his bands in your temple. A glittering troop is there, and in these new life glows, whether their fins quiver, or their light wing rustles. All rejoice to chant the votive song, and acknowledge thee, good Maia, Goddess of the Spring.

WOODS IN WINTER.

XVII.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
 Has grown familiar with your song;
 I hear it in the opening year,—
 I listen, and it cheers me long.

Longfellow.

XVII.

Into ELEGIACS.

When the blasts sweep the earth with wintry cold, (and) the more frequent breeze steals away the beauty of the shrubbery. Then silent I traverse the hill with solemn foot, where the lonely valley rises in a brow. Not with slow steps, where the raised (points) of the plain stretch, through the dark places of the deserted thicket I rove. Where the sunbeam intertwined would chastely play in the boughs; it bears joy through the close wilderness of the wood. There the vine, around the branches of the knotted oak, united shines beneath the summer sun. And the light winds of summer broke the silence, where the icicle was yet hanging hard with cold. There stand as it were mute urns, the fountains being frozen, from these drop by drop the sluggish streams fall. The iron shoes resound along the covered river; sounds of gladness re-echo through the spinnies. But these beauteous things have passed from my eyes, when the melting voices of birds rang through the grove. The Zephyrs gently blew, and the woods were green; and the simple Muse fell not at fall of day. But artless melody is brought hither by the breeze, which the thickets and close coverts bear; and gathering blasts accord with hoarse murmur, the nodding reeds give and repeat the sounds. Ye keen winds! ye roaring blasts of winter! your murmurs fall stricken on accustomed ears; stricken they fall; when the new year commences its course, it is something delightful, with which my own journey may be cheered.

XVIII.

Venus! thy eternal sway
 All the race of man obey;
 Heaven's unbending spirits own
 Thralldom of thy power alone.
 Waving o'er thee as he flies
 Painted plumes of thousand dyes,
 Love on rapid pinion speeds:
 Now he flits o'er flowery meads,
 Now where, softly murmuring, flow
 Ocean's briny waves below.
 When from high, in frenzy wild,
 Swoops thy golden-gleaming child,
 Beasts that roam the mountain side,
 Tenants of the ocean tide,
 Man, and every race, that earth
 Gently fosters from their birth;
 All the burning sun can spy,
 Own the Hunter's witchery;
 All his Paphian Mother fear;
 Empress! all thy sway revere!

Translation of Eur. Hipp. 1270—Anstice.

XVIII.

Into ALCAICS.

*Relying on boundless power, O Venus! you wield your
 sceptre eternal in ages; and gods and mortal bands you
 alone rule with supreme sway. Whom Cupid following upon
 fans his wings painted with a thousand colours, as hurried in
 daring flight he traverses the air of heaven. Now he roves*

among the lovely gardens of the country ; now where the gentle whisper of Ocean gliding beneath murmurs among the rocks. Howsoever the gilded boy rushes down upon earth from heaven with the power of madness, the human race, the fishes, the mountain wild beasts confess him Lord. Wheresoever the sun enlightens the habitable regions of the world, all things feel the arts of the Spoiler Son, and the wiles of the Paphian Mother.

XIX.

Where is the sea ?—I languish here—

Where is my own blue sea ?

With all its barks of fleet career,

And flags and breezes free !

I miss the voice of waves—the first

That woke my childish glee :

The measured chime—the thundering burst—

Where is my own blue sea ?

Oh ! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,

Soft, soft, your winds may be :

Yet my sick heart within me dies ;

Where is my own blue sea ?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,

I hear the whispering tree—

The echoes of my soul are mute ;

Where is my own blue sea ?

Mrs. Hemans.

XIX.

Into ELEGIAOS.

O Sea thou art away, I languish in the boundary of mid-land; O where with thy blue waves Sea art thou away? Hither and thither boats were flitting with rapid course, and free sails were roving in the free south wind. My mind longs for the voices of the waves, of old that sound brought joy to (me) a child. Whether they whispered, or roared like the thunder, O with thy blue waves where Sea art thou away? What that the myrtle groves shed a scented brightness, what that the breeze too falls gently with its breath. Yet my heart dying within fails to (me) torn away. O where with thy blue waves Sea art thou away? From the top of the mountain the pipe of the shepherd resounds, and the tree trembles stricken by the summer winds. Yet to these the echo of my deaf mind answers nothing; O where with thy blue waves Sea art thou away?

XX.

Lord of the vale! astounding Flood!
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates to its central stone
Yon time-cemented Tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Wordsworth.

XX.

Into ALCAICS.

O Thou who flowest down with resounding stream through the bottom of the valleys, Thee in the foliage of its groves, Thee in the ruin of its torn-off leaf the quaking wood acknowledges as Lord. If the wood murmurs, the inmost caves re-echo with hoarse voices; the stricken tower, which length of time has strengthened, rocks in its seat. Yet the country is sweet, the lovely delights of the country ever will remain; O Clyde if thou ragest in rushing friths, yet thou flowest rich in gifts. That the flowerets lurking in the scattered grass grow up in dew, this is your boon; that they are sprinkled with a grateful draught along the sharp rocks of your bank.

XXI.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright;
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple moon's transparent light
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight—
 The winds, the birds, the ocean's floods:
 The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweed strown:
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
 I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround,
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Shelley.

XXI.

Into ELEGIACS.

The fiery warmth of the Sun glows in the clearness of the heaven, the wave illumined sets in motion fleet dances. In purple light the island of the sea glitters afar, the mountain's peak is bright beneath purple snow. The flowers are now scarce swelling from various stems; there one voice gives a thousand sounds of joy. The waves of ocean, the blasts of the winds, the birds—in the city repose reigns as in the desert. I see the surface of the sea, untouched by mortal foot, where the purple of the green seaweed lies mingled. I see the mad waves striking the shores, just as stars gleam with light drawn forth. Nay solitary I sit beside the solitary sands, as the stricken wave scatters a reflected beam. I could delight to catch the sounding murmurs, if breast could be united with my breast. I have not firm health, nor hope accompanying health; I enjoy not peace within, nor rest abroad. Not (that) which surpasses wealth, and heaps of rich gold, not a mind content-ed with its lot is given to me, This the wise man alone works out by habit of meditation; in whose breast glory shines, honour in

his heart. I have seen the happy, whom fame, power surrounds ; or love, or grateful ease beguiles their days. Life smiles on these, life to these is only pleasure ; I have cups mingled with a different wine.

XXII.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 E'en as the winds and waters are :
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear ;
 Till death-like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan :
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not :—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

Shelley.

XXII.

Into ELEGIACS.

The despairing hope of (my) subdued mind grows mild, as the violence of the wind is calmed, the rage of the sea. But

now laid upon the ground I could weep as a wearied infant ; both what I have borne of old, and what remain to be borne. I could complain of life wretched, and rife with cares, until, like death, calm quiet should steal over me. I might feel, although a more genial air blow upon it, some unknown chill come gradually over my cheeks. Dying I might hear how the murmurs of the hoarse sea fall continually repeated on my worn-out senses. There are who might complain of the quenched glow of my breast, because this day's repose cannot touch me ; and because my heart is heavy with premature old age, and pours forth vain murmurs from a heavy bosom. They might perchance thus complain—" He loves (not), nor is loved, by any ;" but the complaint would be mingled with regret. Not so, when this day's light be set in shade, and the honour of the setting sun cease in light. That which now shines delightful, so delightful will attract hereafter, will bring the sure joys of mindful pleasure.

THE SAILOR AND HIS MOTHER.

XXIII.

A widow mother had a lad,
Now sixteen years was he ;
And nothing would content his heart,
But he must go to sea.
Then said the widow, " God is great
Upon both sea and land ;
And sailor people He must have,
And lives are in His hand."

So with many thoughts of waves and rocks,
She put a Bible in his box ;
And as he took the key,
She gave him in her tears a kiss,
Saying, " William, when you read in this,
You'll often think of me."

Lynch—Theophilus Trinal.

XXIII.

Into ELEGIACS.

There was once to a widowed mother a son, her best hope, four times four years he had completed. But ardent in spirit he hung upon one wish, that he might seek the hidden perils of the briny sea. But said the widow, " God's power is sole and supreme, over the plains of the earth, and in the paths of the sea. That His counsels may be done, He needs sailors as His ministers, and the destinies of sailors He holds in His power." Thus meditating with herself what the sea, what the rocks threaten, she takes care that there should be in his chest the consecrated page. But when she delivered to him the key of the hallowed pledge, and mingled with her tears imprinted kisses, she said, " My dear one, as you read the sacred volume, oh I pray may you be ever mindful of me absent."

XXIV.

Picton and Crawford were, however, not formed by nature to act cordially together. The stern countenance, robust frame, saturnine complexion, caustic speech, and austere demeanour of the first, promised little sympathy with the short thick figure, dark flashing eyes, quick movements, and fiery

temper of the second; nor, indeed, did they often meet without a quarrel. Nevertheless, they had many points of resemblance in their characters and fortunes. Both were inclined to harshness, and rigid in command; both prone to disobedience, yet exacting entire submission from inferiors; and they were alike ambitious and craving of glory. They both possessed decided military talents, were enterprising and intrepid, yet neither were remarkable for skill in handling troops under fire. This, also, they had in common, that both, after distinguished services, perished in arms, fighting gallantly, and being celebrated as generals of division while living, have, since their death, been injudiciously spoken of, as rivalling their great leader in war.

Napier.

XXIV.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

To Picton indeed and Crawford there was scarcely such a disposition that they could accomplish anything together cordially. To the former there was a stern countenance, vigorous body, swart complexion, speech somewhat biting, and a severe bearing. But all these (qualities) very little agreed with the obese form of the other, his flashing eyes, and motions at once and feelings excited. Nor indeed, except quarrelling, did they often come together. Yet in themselves and in their fortunes there was what we may compare. Each was too fierce, and in commanding severe, not so fit to obey, although they exacted obedience from those placed under them; they were ambitious alike and eager for glory. In military art both excelled; they were keen and fearless; neither however skilfully drew out their soldiers in the very battle-line. This moreover they had in common, that, when they had gloriously

achieved very many things, they perished in battle bravely fighting. And whereas when living they had deserved excellently as lieutenants, after death they have been inconsiderately bepraised, as though they were to be accounted a match in warfare for their Commander himself.

XXV.

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy Spring :
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet :
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul ! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt'rous choir among ;
Hark ! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song :

Warm let the lyric transport flow,
 Warm, as the ray that bids it glow,
 And animates the vernal grove
 With health, with harmony, and love.

Gray.

XXV.

Into ALCAICS.

Borne up on wings dripping with dew Aurora shines in the bright sky, and with gentle whisper and purple mouth salutes the tardy Spring. After her April calls forth the scents buried in the inmost bosom of the ground, through the verdant fields of the plain he renews the wonted hues. And the nurslings of the country with manifold foot essay to play their innocent play; forgetful of their wintry lethargy the birds celebrate his return. Moreover the voice of the lark from the heaven testifies its inward gladness by shrill note; upwards through the melting air itself less, still less, it soars. Now, now, O my soul arise, on wings of fire arise; mingle yourself in the bands to which Nature with sounding plectrum chants a glorious hymn. As the sun now glows with renewed rays, so let ardour glow in the strings of the lyre, and through the vernal groves may it bestow love, Harmony, health.

XXVI.

Day melts into the night,
 The night into the morning;
 Darkness swallowing the light,
 Light from the dark dawning:

So melts knowledge into mystery,
 The solemn dark of stars ;
 So from the obscure arises wisdom,
 With dewy fragrant airs.
 Be there for us to-day these twilights two,
 That we may view,
 As the earth darkens, heavenly hopes appear ;
 As the heaven brightens, earthly things grow clear.
Lynch (Theophilus Trinal) Diarium—Sunday.

XXVI.

Into ELEGIACS.

Day about to perish is now passing into the shade of night, and the season of night finished morning returns. The increasing darkness absorbed the waning light ; and in turn light about to rise comes from the darkness. So the things which men know will abide as mysteries, hidden wonders among the starry ways. What was obscure, hence true wisdom grows ; that a mystic odour breathes over our senses. But of night and of day now may two twilights arise ; may the first, the last, be open before my eyes. Shadows brood upon the earth, in hope I am uplifted to the stars ; in the light of the sky, the light beneath shines the more increased.

XXVII.

Delightful day it is for all who dwell
 In this secluded glen, and eagerly
 They give it welcome. Long ere heat of noon,
 From byre or field the kine were brought ; the sheep

Are penn'd in cotes ; the chaffering is begun.
 The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice
 Of a new master ; bleat the flocks aloud.
 Booths are there none ; a stall or two is here ;
 A lame man and a blind—the one to beg,
 The other to make music ; hither, too,
 From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,
 Of hawker's wares—books, pictures, combs and pins—
 Some aged woman finds her way again,
 Year after year, a punctual visitant !

Wordsworth,

XXVII.

Into HEXAMETERS.

The festive day was at hand for all the rustics from the retired vale, the simple neighbourhood rejoice in its return. When not yet the Sun excessive has put forth its mid heat, the oxen are collected from the stalls and meadows, and the sheep are enclosed in pens—now the bartering grows rife. The cow utters lowings, which a new purchaser possesses, impatient of the unwonted voice ; the lambs with their mothers fill the streets around with continual bleatings. Not tents arise there ; but a few stalls offer entertainment. A lame with a blind man will traverse the crowd as companions ; the one that he may beg a penny, the other ceases not to waste his wretched strain. Hither, too, comes aged Baucis, with basket hung upon her arm, from which she may vend her cheap wares to the jerkin-clad rabble—pictures, books, and needles mixed with the comb—as the holiday is renewed, the months of the year being completed, she returns ever seen the attendant of the crowd.

XXVIII.

But it is not the sins of the armies alone, but the sins of the whole kingdom, which brake off our hopes of peace; our nation is generally sinful: the city complains of the ambition and prodigality of the courtiers; the courtiers complain of the pride and covetousness of the citizens; the laity complain of the laziness and state-meddling of the clergy; the clergy complain of the hard dealings and sacrilege of the laity; the rich complain of the murmuring and ingratitude of the poor; the poor complain of the oppression and extortion of the rich. Thus every one is more ready to throw dirt in another's face, than to wash his own clean; and in all these 'tis malice sets the varnish; sure truth doth lay the groundwork.

Fuller.

XXVIII.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

And yet not so much of the soldiery, but rather of the whole state the offences are the cause, why our hopes of peace are broken off; we offend on all sides. To wit, the city (complains) of the courtiers, as given up to ambition and licence; the courtiers complain of the pride and avarice of the citizens. The populace rails at the priesthood, that it is slothful, and intermingles too much in public affairs; the priests impute hardness, yea impiety, to the populace. The rich calls the poor man querulous and ungrateful; the poor allege the wrongful exactions of the rich. Hence it arises, that each individual would rather bespatter another man's face with mud, than cleanse his own; in all these, although malice overlays the paint, yet truth itself lays the foundation.

XXIX.

Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave
 The lovely vale that lies around thee ;
 Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
 When but a fount the morning found thee ?

Born when the skies began to glow,
 Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
 No blossom bow'd its stalk to show
 Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Ah ! what wild haste !—and all to be
 A river, and expire in ocean :
 Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
 To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 'twere to linger still
 In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
 And die in peace an aged rill,
 Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

Bryant.

XXIX.

Into ELEGIACS.

O rivulet stay thy flight, why do'st thou desire to leave the plains, which a lovely valley surrounds with verdant hollow. Why mad would'st thou thus become a sea at early evening, when at the fresh morn thou wast sprung a fount. Born when brightness began to shine in the heaven ; not a less daughter leaps from the rock of flint. The frail floweret nodded not on the edge of the bank, where your cold water was

wending its silent way. *Why do you vainly hasten, whither does madness force you? that a river you should die in the waters of the sea. Each fountain while it affords light sprinklings hurries thee with more rapid flight to the dark deep. Oh! how far better thus to linger in the green vale, adorned with flowers, yourself an ornament to the flowers; better a rill you may repose in aged peace; why, scarce a young Danube, should you perish in rapid waters?*

XXX.

Oft my steps have roam'd among
 All the airy realms of song,
 Learn't through Wisdom's maze to wind;
 Yet availeth not my mind
 Remedy 'gainst Fate to find.
 Not all the drugs that Orpheus sage
 Recorded in his Thracian page,
 From her decree can save;
 Not Phœbus, who the art divine
 Of life-restoring medicine
 To Æsculapius gave.
 Stern Goddess! at her altar's side
 The votary kneels in vain,
 And vainly clasps her statue's pride,
 And heaps his victims slain.
 Oh! never may she bid me bow
 More lowly to her yoke than now.
 E'en Jove, the everlasting God,
 Whate'er he sanctions by his nod,
 Through her performs, and needs her skill
 To execute his sovereign will.

Anstice—from Eur. Alcest. v. 983.

XXX.

Into ALCAICS.

As a sojourner among the lovely Muses oft wandering, I have traversed through the hidden regions of Wisdom, if I could beguile the cruel Fates. Whom Necessity binds in her strict law, not the Thracian melody of Orpheus has set free, nor has he skilled in the art of Apollo found a remedy. The vows and prayers of the suppliant avail nothing to propitiate the pitiless Goddess ; in vain he brings three hundred victims, binds the chaplets on her images. May not the sterner destiny threaten against me more hostile attacks, nor in my coming lot may I experience the fury of the malignant Deity. Supreme amongst the highest, She sways over Jove, whom all things obey. Forsooth, whatever he may care to perform, he performs at the will of the powerful Sisters.

XXXI.

How soft the shades of evening creep
 O'er yonder dewy sea ;
 Whose balmy mist hath lull'd to sleep
 The tenants of the tree.
 No wandering breeze is here to sweep
 In shadowy ripple o'er the deep ;
 Yet swells the heaving sigh.

How calm the sky ! Rest Ocean, rest !
 From storm and ruffle free ;
 Calm as the image on thy breast,
 Of Her that governs thee !
 And yet beneath the moon's mild reign
 Thy broad breast heaves, as one in pain ;
 Thou dark and silent sea.

There are whom Fortune vainly woos
With all her pageantry,
Whom every flattering bliss pursues,
Yet still they fare like thee ;
The spell is laid within their mind,
Least wretched then, when most resign'd,
Their hearts throb silently.

Heber.

XXXI.

Into ELEGIACS.

The gathering shades of evening steal gently on, where the sea glides afar in the western waters. But to the birds, as many as fix their nests in the covert of the wood, they bring grateful slumbers with their soporific dew. In the bosom of the sea there arise as it were sighs, although not a fitful breeze sweeps the calm waters. See through the sky is repose, rest ye too, O waves ; let not the violence of the wind, or the fury of the storm disturb you. Not otherwise may the pure image of the Goddess calm your breast, who by her influence kindly regulates your courses. But under the sway of the moon the wave moves its thrice-ample breast, as pain agitates the stricken heart of man. There are whom Fortune allures with deceptive countenance, puts forth her wiles and surpassing glory. There are whom the joys of fallacious life attend ; and yet that lot is not better than thy lot. The more they yield to these, the less anguish oppresses them ; yet within their hearts throb, the mind is sensible of its heavy burden.

XXXII.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist ;
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain ;
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.

Longfellow.

XXXII.

Into ELEGIACS.

And now the finished day has gone, and the lurid wing of night wends its course through the obscure darkness. Just as from the pinion of the eagle, whilst it climbs the expanse, the feather falls wafted from above to the earth. I look forth afar into the village, while many a lamp shines friendly among the rain and mist. Some unknown sorrow steals over my inmost senses ; my mind can neither check, nor would wish to overcome it. Then longing at once and grief pervade me within ; but I scarce think that I grieved in the longing. As the rain falls down like the sprinkling mist, a shade like to sadness comes over my senses.

XXXIII.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. The mind may become familiar even with solitude and darkness, and the walls of a dungeon prove more pleasing than the palace. This affection for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison ; we look round with discontent, displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance ; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing ; it is company pleases, yet for all this it is little regarded. To us who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend ; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation ; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise ; yet still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

XXXIII.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

The longer we may be associated with any thing, so much the more, for the most part, we are attracted towards it. The mind may repose in solitude even and darkness, and may love the walls of a prison rather than a palace. Thus some are affected in regard to confinement, just as all are in regard to life. Habituated to the prison, we painfully look around the hated habitation ; yet lengthened captivity only causes that we

are more eagerly bound to our cell. The trees as many as we have planted, the houses we have raised, the children to whom we have given life, bind us down closer to earth, and render us more wretched, whenever we are to be torn asunder from them. Life courts youths as a new companion ; the partner, who has not yet wearied, teaches alike and delights. For that, by which we are captivated, is society, although it be not esteemed, as is just, But to us, advanced in age, life is as an old friend ; its jokes we have known beforehand in conversation ; it has no new tales to move our laughter ; it produces nothing unknown, to be turned to profit. But still we love life, we cherish the treasure the more thriftily, the more it is diminished ; and are afflicted with extreme anguish when at length we are to be severed by death.

XXXIV.

Dark to the right, thick forests mantled o'er
 A gradual mountain sloping to the plain ;
 Whose gloom but lent to light a charm the more,
 As pleasure pleases most when neighbouring pain ;
 And all our human joys, most sweet and holy,
 Sport in the shadows cast from melancholy.

Below that mount, along the glossy sward
 Where gentle groups, discoursing gentle things ;
 Or listening idly where the skilful bard
 Woke the sweet tempest of melodious strings ;
 Or whispering love—I ween, less idle they,
 For love's the honey in the flowers of May.

Some plied in lusty race the glist'ning oar ;
 Some, noiseless, snared the silver-scaled prey ;
 Some wreathed the dance along the level shore ;
 And each was happy in his chosen way.
 Not by one shaft is Care, the hydra, kill'd,
 So Mirth, determined, had his quiver fill'd.

Bulwer—King Arthur.

XXXIV.

Into ELEGIACS.

On the right woods overhung in darkness, a gently sloping mountain lies near the meadows. As pleasure associated with pain delights the more, so the denser shade increases the beauties of the spot. That joy of human life appears most holy, which sports in the images of a sickly mind. But beneath the hill, along the herbage of the pleasant grass, a joyous band of men were talking of joyous things. These listlessly catch the strains of the divine bard, as he sweeps the melodious strings of his tuneful lyre. Or whispering, and in earnest, they confess their love ; truly love is the honey found in the flower of May. These ply the quick oar in brave contest ; to those the fish in the silent pool are rich spoil ; others intertwine dances along the edge of the shore ; each one was happy in the way peculiar to himself. Not the hydra, not Care, is slain by one dart ; but Mirth in his quiver bears many a shaft.

XXXV.

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing ;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more :
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping :—
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow ;
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here ;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans nor squadrons stamping.

Scott.

XXXV.

Into ELEGIACS.

O soldier, rest at last, peace being obtained to you ; let unbroken sleep soothe thy wearied eyes. Let not fights, fierce battles, any more trouble your mind ; sleepless nights, hidden dangers by day. In this island a divine influence reigns through our hall ; and unseen hands prepare your bed and couch. Lo, magic strains resound with wondrous sweet-

ness, calm repose is on the beguiled senses. O soldier, rest at last, peace being obtained to you ; and let not the wretched work of Mars break your dreams. Let sleep uninterrupted press upon your wearied eyes ; and let sleepless night be absent, hardships by day. A clang shall not suddenly strike upon your affrighted ears, like as arms sound, and the horse champs his bit. Let not the clarion with its blast, nor the trumpet with its brass now summon the gathered tribes, the close bands of men. But at early morn ; through the dressed fallows of the country ; let the lark pour forth melody from her liquid throat. Let the bittern give its plaintive notes, as oft stricken drum, beside the retired pools of the reedy shallow. A harsher sound shall not be present, nor through the shades shall guard summon guard there with hoarse voice. No war-horse shall neigh, gnawing upon his bit ; shout and ardour shall not urge the squadrons of horsemen.

XXXVI.

No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring ;
No birds within this desert region sing ;
The ships, unmoved, the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain ;
There solid billows, of enormous size,
Alps of green ice in wild disorder rise.

The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
And wave and glitter in the distant sun :
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends.

Phillips.

XXXVI.

Into HEXAMETERS.

The breeze proclaims not gently the return of Spring, and the birds pour not forth their complaints amid these deserts. Motionless ships can contemn the winds, and chariots rattle hurried over the bound-up sea. To the Lord of the Ocean there is not where he can disport over the waves, nor scatter waters beneath the mid light of day. And love of prey urges the starving wolves on the edge of the cheerless shore, who beneath the increasing light of the moon fill the congealed valleys with their howlings. The level surface (of the sea), glittering afar on this side, afar on that, extends itself into an ample plain in the likeness of glass. Here solid billows, masses of immense weight, in hardened snow raise themselves equal to the Alpine mountains. The troops of birds shun afar off the crackling of the boughs, as, scarce seen, they glitter waving in the sunlight : when, if perchance a sudden blast of wind has arisen, the wood fragile is torn too into minute portions, and the thicket bends under the oppressive violence of the tempest. Thus at last the scene is finished in a glittering shower.

XXXVII.

Deep on the convent roof, the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
 May my soul follow soon !

The shadows of the convent towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :

Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snow-drop of the year,
 That in my bosom lies.

Tennyson.

XXXVII.

Into ELEGIACS.

See where along the topmost roof of the consecrated dwelling the accumulated snow glitters beneath the rays of the moon. The breath from my mouth is added as vapour to the airs of heaven ; oh would that my soul may follow so wafted there ! As the slanting shadows from the sacred towers of the chapel are bent, where the sod lies hid beneath the pure snow ; they creep on imperceptibly with the gently-creeping hours ; of which each brings me near to my Lord. Mayest Thou give me a pure soul, born anew without stain, even as the atmosphere is bright with wintry cold ; and even as the snowy floweret of the new-born year, which lies, a fair gem, in my bosom.

XXXVIII.

AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year !
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the cluster'd trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillar'd clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing ; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimson'd,
And silver beech and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside, a-weary.

Longfellow.

XXXVIII.

Into HEXAMETERS.

*What a glory is there of the coming, what too of the
departing year ! The bud, foreboding spring, brings with it*

calmness of climate, a sky without clouds. Then is the newness of life, and earth bestows all her gifts. But when the gathered clouds, as a silver robe, cover the sun of autumn, then the year more glad gathers in, although in his wane, the golden fruits, the enjoyment of which devolves to him; then all things are bright, as though it were a pomp and wondrous spectacle of things. A most beauteous spirit breathes forth upon the shades of the trees its mature glory; as though it were wine from full goblets, it adds beauties still new to the woods of autumn, and steeps the turreted clouds in burning light. Aurora, on the top of the mountain, lifts, as a bird of summer, her purple wings; then in the lowest vales the light breeze, as an ardent lover, gives kisses to the sweetly blushing leaf; strength and the vigour of life it stirs up in the woods, in which the crimson ash gleams, the yellow maple is on one side, on the other the silver beech. Autumn, as an old man now weakly with years, and way-wearied, rests in the grateful shades.

XXXIX.

A thousand titles Venus bears,
A thousand changing forms she wears :
Now passion wild ; now frenzied madness ;
Now strength, now death, now plaining sadness ;
All that can tranquillize or stir,
All opposites unite in her.
All beings her behest obey,
All hearts become, in turn, her prey.
She swims with fish the stormy main,
She walks with quadrupeds the plain,

She dwells in huts with mortals,
 She cleaves the sky with birds of air,
 Enters alike the wild beasts' lair,
 The Gods' celestial portals.
 Nor one of all the heavenly band
 May dare defy her unarm'd hand;
 Nay!—though the tale be treason,
 Without a spear, without a sword,
 She rules the universal Lord;
 Nor against her may aid afford
 Divine or human reason.

Anstice.—Translation of Soph. Fragm.

XXXIX.

Into ALCAICS.

Venus ever arrayed in new shapes binds all in the laws of her sway, and distinguished by a thousand names and titles extends her rule. Now ruthless she urges wild desire, now gentler impulses on the senses; pleasure with pain, joys with sorrow, she blends. She excites, in turn she soothes; under her brazen car she curbs the unlike with like; her, too, the resisting confess, the willing accept as mistress. She wanders through the sea with the mute fishes, and companion of quadrupeds she traverses the extended meadows of the plains, and rejects not the black smoke of the poor cot. Among the birds she floats in the circuit of the air, she walks about the lairs of the wild beasts; in the bands of the gods she is enrolled, light guest of the ethereal mansion. The company of the deities cannot with impunity challenge the Goddess, (though) unarmed; unrestrained to dare anything, not with

sharp barb, not with sword, but with light influence she conquers the supreme king of the gods. Her arts, her wiles, her strength, not the power of heaven, not the reason of man will be able to curb.

XL.

Some men's books are, indeed, mere kites' nests, a collection of stolen things, such as are pure plagiaries, without any grateful acknowledgment; but herein the ingenuity of our Author is commendable, that on the margin he hath entered the names of such at whose torch he hath lighted his taper; and I am confident that, by such quotations, he hath revived the memories of many worthies, and of their speeches, which otherwise had been utterly lost.

Fuller.

XL.

Into LATIN PROSE, literally rendered.

The books of some men, in truth, are to be compared to the nests of kites, inasmuch as they are only a collection of pilfered things, mere thefts, and these indeed not thankfully mentioned. But in this the candour of our Author is praiseworthy, that in the margin he has noted the names of all from whose torches he has himself kindled his own lamp. By which reference indeed I am persuaded that he has recalled both the memory and the speeches of well-deserving men, which otherwise would have perished unknown.

XLI.

Now the bright Morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May ! that dost inspire

Mirth, and youth, and warm desire :

Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Milton.

XLI.

Into ALCAICS.

Even now, Lucifer, the messenger of day, comes rejoicing from the Eastern regions ; and Maia, an associated companion, brings forth the flowers of the country and the gardens. Hail, thou fair Maia ! you implant in the hearts the warmth of chaste desire ; you breathe the vigour of youth, and bring back gifts of gladness. The woods grow green, and the foliage of the woods laughs new-born through your influence : the extent of plains is bright, and the recesses of the moist valley. Thus, at early morn, inducing song, rejoicing we invoke you returned. Long may you deign to linger on earth ! late may you return to the stars of heaven !

XLII.

Take mountain and plain, sinuous river and broad, tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich, fruitful fields, frowning bat-

tlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and sombre forest ; group them all into the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create ; arch it over with a cloudless sky ; light it up with a radiant sun ; and, lest the sheen should be too dazzling, hang a veil of lighted haze over all, to soften the lines and perfect the repose,—you will then have Quebec on this September morning.

Hochelaga.

XLII.

Into ELEGIACS.

Let an extent of plain be in the midst of mountains, let an abundant river roll its tranquil waters. Among the brazen beaked ships let a little skiff course, and let a dark valley lie hid in the bosom of a hill. Let a craggy height run out into the swelling waves ; under a lofty tower let a modest villa repose. In these plains let the consecrated spire, the arched roof glitter ; the ancient wood shed forth its darkness, the garden its riches. In surpassing beauty let a picture be spread around, such as you can imagine in excited mind. Let the sun shine pure with rays, the air cloudless ; and let not that brightness too much put forth its glow. But from above let a glittering shade hang down in the sky, and in the horizon let repose everywhere reign. Thus to thee—but let the first frost of Autumn begin to harden,—there will be the city, the head among the Western cities.

XLIII.

But already the hand which was to crush his iron nature lay heavy upon him. For some time past his health had

been failing, and his illness was now aggravated by domestic sorrows, especially by the loss of his favourite daughter. He declined rapidly, but he struggled against death. The numerous trials he had triumphantly passed through, the great things he had done and had still to do, the urgent need of his presence, the force of his will,—all contributed to persuade him that he had not attained the term of his life. He said among his most intimate friends, “I am sure I shall not die to-day—I know that God will not have me die yet.” But God had formed Cromwell to be a striking example to the world of what a great man can do, and of what he cannot do. His destiny was accomplished. By the sole might of his genius he had made himself master of his country, and of the revolution which he had let loose upon his country; he remained, to his last hour, in full possession of his greatness, and he died, consuming his genius and his power in an ineffectual effort to restore what he had destroyed,—a Parliament and a King.

Guizot.

XLIII.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

Now, however, the hand under which his iron nature was to fall to pieces was lying heavily upon him. For a long time his strength had been broken; and from domestic sorrow, but especially from the decease of his dearest daughter, his weakly health more oppressed him. He failed indeed rapidly; still, however, he struggled against death. But the dangers, so many of which he had easily overcome, those glorious (deeds) which before had been done, or hereafter were to be done by him; the

great need there was that he should still take part in public affairs ; finally, how much his own personal will could do ;—when he considered all these things with himself, he was persuaded that he had not yet reached the goal of life. Among his intimates—"To-day," he used to say, "I certainly shall not die. I know well that God has not now willed my death." But God set Cromwell as a signal example among men, what an eminent man can do, what not (do) ; now, however, his fate was completed : by the sole vigour of his genius he had made himself master both of his country, and of the revolution which he had sent upon his country. Even to his last hour he remained in possession of his greatness ; and he died when he was now consuming his genius and strength, vainly attempting to restore two things, which he had himself blotted out,—a senate and a monarchy.

XLIV.

Stranger ! thou art standing now
On Colonus' sparry brow ;
All the haunts of Attic ground,
Where the matchless coursers bound,
Boast not, through their realms of bliss,
Other spot as fair as this.
Frequent down this greenwood dale
Mourns the warbling nightingale,
Nestling 'mid the thickest screen
Of the ivy's darksome green ;
Or where, each empurpled shoot
Drooping with its myriad fruit,

Curl'd in many a mazy twine,
 Blooms the never-trodden vine,
 By the Gods' protecting power,
 Safe from sun and storm and shower.
 Bacchus here, the summer long,
 Revels with the goddess throng,
 Nymphs who erst, on Nyssa's wild,
 Bear'd to man the rosy child.

Anstice.—Translation of Soph. Œd. Col. 674.

XLIV.

Into ALCAICS.

O stranger! you are seeking Colonos, perched upon cliffs glittering afar; you shall see the consecrated boundaries of equestrian Athens, and her excellent glory. At late night the melody of the nightingale is ever renewed through the thicket of the wood; to whom, in the retreat of the shady vale, the close foliage of the ivy affords a nest. Here, too, the purple of the darkling grape shines with countless clusters, not to be trodden by mortal foot; which nor the spiteful storm nor the showers can harm. Here, Bacchus exultingly celebrates the joyous orgies of his mystic rite, the summer long; and foster son allures his nursing Nymphs to the shrubberies of Nyssa.

XLV.

But he's the Tityus, who is robb'd of rest
 By tyrant Passion preying on his breast.
 The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
 Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,

To vex the government, disturb the laws,
 Drunk with the fumes of popular applause :
 He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
 And toils in vain to mount the sov'reign seat.
 Thus still to aim at power, and still to fail,
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
 What is it, but, in reason's true account,
 To heave the stone against the rising mount ?

 XLV.

Into HEXAMETERS.

Justly you would call him Tityus, in whose heart the tide of passion holds sway, and forbids him to indulge in peaceful rest. And to him the name of Sisypheus may be given, whom clamour and anger distract from the unknown path of a life escaping notice ; that he may rend his country, that he may undermine the equal laws, drunk with the insane praise of the fickle mob. He favours upon the people, in the vain hope, that, exalted, he may sit in the supreme seat, may possess the hall of the prince. Ever to strive in vain with effort against opposition ; to aim at a path, even now about to fall by the same ; still to labour, and not to reap the fruit of the labour ; what shall I say this is, let it be weighed in an equal balance, what, except to thrust a stone against the opposing mountain ?

 XLVI.

Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's raine,
 Since clouds disperst, suns guild the aire again ;
 Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile,
 But turne soon after calme, as balme, or oile.

Winds have their time to rage ; but when they cease,
 The leavie trees nod in a still-born peace.
 Your storme is over : Lady, now appeare
 Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare ;
 Off then with grave-clothes ; put fresh colours on ;
 And flow, and flame, in your vermillion ;
 Upon your cheek sate ysicles awhile :
 Now let the Rose raigne like a Queene, and smile.

Herrick.

XLVI.

Into ELEGIACS.

*O dear one, dry your cheeks, which the shower of grief has
 drenched ; the clouds dispersed, the gilded air is bright.
 The seas dash against the rocks, and swell with a tide ; but
 soon, the billows lulled, the wave subsides. Now the blasts
 increase, now decreasing they are still ; gently on the tree-top
 the summit nods. Sorrowful winter has passed to thee, and,
 spring-renewed, half revealed, bring back your hidden charms.
 Put off your funereal robes, assume bright ones ; draw (after
 you) the veil, and train dyed with vermillion. Forsooth of
 old the frozen icicle hung upon your cheeks ; there henceforth
 let the genial rose reign, (and) smile.*

XLVII.

Lo ! where the smoke and the flame contend ! The smoke
 rises in dark gyres to the air, and escapes to join the wrack
 of the clouds. From the first to the last we trace its birth
 and its fall ; from the heart of the fire to the descent in the

rain. So it is with human reason, which is not the light, but the smoke : it struggles but to darken us, it soars but to melt in the vapour and dew. Yet, lo ! the flame burns in our hearth till the fuel fails, and goes, at last, none know whither. But it lives in the air, though we see it not ; it lurks in the stone, and waits the flash of the steel ; it coils round the dry leaves and sere stalks, and a touch re-illumes it ; it plays in the marsh,—it collects in the heavens,—it appals us in the lightnings,—it gives warmth to the air,—life of our life, and element of all elements. O Githa ! the flame is the light of the soul, the element everlasting ; and it liveth still, when it escapes from our view ; it burneth in the shapes to which it passes ; it vanishes, but is never extinct.

Bulwer's Harold.

XLVII.

Into ELEGIACS.

Lo ! where the flame struggles with the smoke ; but it escapes into wreaths, and wheels through the expanse. Its first course to the last does not escape the eyes : how it fell and what its rise was. Now from the midst of the fires it seeks the airs of heaven ; again it falls to the earth in dripping shower. But to mortals themselves reason is given not otherwise : it lurks in us not brightness, but smoke. It strives, but only diffuses thick darkness. It wishes for light, (and) returns mingled in the vapour of dew. The flame shines in the hearth so long as fuel remains ; then roving, it passes away, whither no one can tell. But it lives in the uppermost air, although unseen ; the hard flint hides it, the steel will draw it forth. It creeps in the twigs, it clings to the dry foliage ; but touched, it shines with restored light. It is

blended in the clouds, and it plays in the sedge of the marsh : from hence is warmth to the air, and fear in the lightnings. Moreover, it breathes the vivid power of our life ; this is the fountain and principle to all principles. O Githa ! the flame is the light of the soul, and maintains eternal elements, and snatched from our sight, it will survive. It still lives, let it, changed, assume whatever shapes ; let it vanish hence, it remains imperishable.

XLVIII.

What cruel tyrants were the Romans over the world during the time of their Commonwealth ! It is true they had laws to prevent oppression in their provincial magistrates ; but Cicero informs us, that the Romans could not better consult the interest of the provinces than by repealing these very laws. " For in that case," says he, " our magistrates, having entire impunity, would plunder no more than would satisfy their own rapaciousness ; whereas, at present, they must also satisfy that of their judges, and of all the great men of Rome, of whose protection they stand in need." Who can read of the cruelties and oppressions of Verres without horror and astonishment ? And who is not touched with indignation to hear, that, after Cicero had exhausted on that abandoned criminal all the thunders of his eloquence, and had prevailed so far as to get him condemned to the utmost extent of the laws, yet that cruel tyrant lived peaceably to old age, in opulence and ease, and, thirty years afterwards, was put into the proscription by Mark Antony, on account of his exorbitant wealth, where he fell with Cicero himself, and all the most virtuous men of Rome ?

XLVIII.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

Savagely indeed the Romans raged over the world as long as the Republic stood. Doubtless, laws were enacted to debar from injustice those who presided over provinces. But Cicero is authority to us, that the Romans could scarcely have better consulted for the provinces, than if they had annulled these very laws. "For so," says he, "our magistrates, indulging mere licence, would plunder only what might be sufficient for their own rapacity; but now they must needs have what may be sufficient also for the judges and foremost men at Rome, whose aid they require." Who does not shudder, wondering, when he reads of the cruelty and injustice of Verres? Who does not hear with indignation, when Cicero had exhausted against this most guilty man the thunders of his eloquence, and had at least accomplished that he should be punished with the extreme penalty of the laws, that yet he reached a peaceful and wealthy old age, and thirty years afterwards was proscribed by M. Antony on account of his excessive wealth, and fell by the same death as Cicero himself, and the best among the Romans?

XLIX.

Upon Eubœa's coast is seen
A wondrous vine to shoot:
At sunrise 'tis with tendrils green,
At sunset dark with fruit;
At dawn it spreads its leaves around,
At noon-tide blooms its flower;
And soon with grapes its boughs are crown'd,
That ripen every hour;

And now more soft, now purple grown,
 The clusters lade the vine,
 And when the evening shades draw on,
 The peasant quaffs the wine.

Anstice.—Translation of Soph. Fragm.

XLIX.

Into ELEGIACS.

*There is born, as is the report, a vine, a wondrous tree,
 where the edge of the Eubœan shore lies open to the frith.
 From sunrise it swells with verdant shoot; at sunset it
 bears purple fruit. At early morn it becomes leafy with
 open foliage around; it is adorned with flowers when the
 height of day comes. And now it is crowned with grapes
 from hanging branches, which each hour ripens in its rapid
 flight. Soon in the clusters, matured on the mother-vine,
 there is a mild juice, and purple hue. When at length the
 evening gathers its greater shades, the rustic drinks off pure
 cups of wine.*

L.

I and my brilliant sisters are many in number, and a
 bright and a joyous life we lead; for there is nothing on
 this large earth that does not love us and welcome our ap-
 proach:—the little insects flutter lovingly about us; the
 flowers look brighter and more glad when we rest upon
 them; the water dances and sparkles with glee in the light

of our smile; the animals love us, and sleep the sounder when we watch over them; everywhere we are welcome: we make ourselves bright pathways through the foliage of the trees, and in the silent woods lie and sleep upon the fragrant violets; and here in the busy streets we are welcome too; and though we love the flowers and the open fields the best, still we come to the dark close streets, and gladden them.

A Trap to catch a Sunbeam.

L.

Into ELEGIACS.

See the beam has arisen : it shines among a thousand sisters, whose days pass in light and gladness. There is not a spot upon earth, not a nook in the whole world, but the sunbeam renders all things delightful. The floweret of the garden shines forth more grateful in the rays; and the insect flits lighter in the upper sky. The wave dances whenever the roving light smiles upon it; the waters of the fountain reflect its pure rays. Under the watchful lamp the animals snatch their sleep; the oxen in security catch safe repose. Moreover, the rays lurk beneath the leaf: wherever they wander they rest upon the violets, (or) amid the shrubs of the wood. And in the uproar, the smoke, and wretched tumult of the city, they disdain not to bring light to men. Although the flowers and pastures of the country allure them, still they will afford glad joys in the streets.

LI.

Providence never intended that any state here should be either completely happy or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous and more lively in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be most genuine and true. In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence!

Blair.

LI.

Into LATIN PROSE, literally rendered.

It has not, truly, been provided by the Deity, that the condition of this life should be either happy or miserable in every sense. If in an elevated position the perception of pleasure be fuller and more keen, the same, too, is not less true of pain. To be highly exalted, if it flatters our ambition, it increases at the same time our dangers. Wealth adds, doubtless, to our pleasures, but in return (also) to our desires. If the poor are more closely bound in, still within this boundary almost all things are contained which nature requires; which same, howsoever art may have softened us, will be found specially sincere and true. In a lot, therefore, in which it is neither on

this side to be desired, nor on that to be guarded against, so much as at first sight would appear, it needs that we bear ourselves so much the more submissively to the will of God.

LII.

Into the gloomy prison we can enter, no heavy bolts can keep us out; and do we but know some poor being is there immured, who repents him of his crime, we enter there to cheer and comfort him. The dark hold of the mighty ship tossed on the cold waters we visit too, bringing back sweet thoughts of their own land to the exiles from their home. By the sick and the sorrowing we take our place: we are with all who seek us, who try to find us; with all who lift their eyes from the earth, from the world and its grovelling cares, and seek us where alone we are to be found,—in our own bright sky. Though clouds may obscure us for a while, we are still there, and shine the brighter for the passing gloom.

A Trap to catch a Sunbeam.

LII.

Into ELEGIACS.

A light band, they enter the recesses of the dark prison; the iron bars of the house of captivity prevent them not. If any one lie hid there, they rejoice to succour the wretched man, and remove his burden, if he confess his fault. They are not absent if anywhere the hold floats upon the dark

waters, and they remind what it is to have left one's country. Ever a friendly troop, it sits beside the downcast sick, and, whoever will, may experience its aid. They are near to all who know how to spurn the earth, and who as companions seek them in their proper seat among the stars. There they ever shine forth, though envious night hide them : hidden for a little while, they glitter more bright.

LIII.

Behind her neck her comely tresses ty'd,
 Her iv'ry quiver graceful by her side,
 A-hunting Cloe went : she lost her way,
 And through the woods uncertain chanced to stray.
 Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid ;
 And, " Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn," he said :
 " The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake."
 Loud Cupid laugh'd to see the god's mistake ;
 And, laughing, cry'd, " Learn better, great divine,
 To know thy kindred and to honour mine.
 Rightly advised, far hence thy sister seek,
 Or on Mæander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
 But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know :
 She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow.
 Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighb'ring grove,
 Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
 Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
 At the rough boar ; or chase the flying deer :
 I and my Cloe take a nobler aim :
 At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

Prior.

LIII.

Into HEXAMETERS.

Her hair being bound in a knot upon her snowy neck, and her quiver, wrought in ivory, suspended at her side, the huntress Delia went forth. Perchance ignorant of the way, as she wandered among the by-paths of the mid-wood, Apollo, meeting her, eyed the roving nymph. "Dear sister," he said, "bright Cynthia, turn hither; see the stag, shunning the hunting spear, lies in the brakes." Cupid saw, and laughed at the mistake of the deity. "Hence learn better, O seer, to know your own kindred," he says, "and let not mine be robbed of her honour. Hence afar, admonished, far hence seek out your sister, either along the banks of Mæander, or on the height of Latmus; but this virgin is mine, is my sister: she will either hurl such spears as I, or know how to bend (my) bow. Along the green banks of Thames, in the retreats she roves, which the light Loves disdain not to inhabit. Go, pursue the bristly boars, and, Cynthia with you, with pointed spear transfix ye the flying deer. I and my love, pursuing how much greater things, with unerring hand will aim at mortal hearts.

LIV.

If wine and musick have the pow'r
 To ease the sickness of the soul;
 Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
 Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my Cloe's absence light;
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :
 Venus, be Thou to-morrow great :
 Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind Goddess, to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own :
 Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

Prior.

LIV.

Into ALCAICS.

If it be the power of song and wine to blot out the sadness of the mind, strike, O Apollo, the strings of the lyre with your plectrum, and let Bacchus fill up the cups. Let them not now refuse auspicious aid, that I may grieve the less my nymph being absent ; let them add pleasures which may lessen the misery of the lingering night. But to-morrow Celia will return ; to-morrow, Venus, assume thou a fuller power ; and with myrtle and scented garlands let honour be given to the returning damsel. I would wish to owe to-morrow's gifts to none of the Gods but to Thee ; Cupids shall rule the hours, and the whole day shall flow on, hallowed to thee alone.

LV.

Sappho, the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the temple of Apollo, habited like a bride, in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her

own invention. After having sung a hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments like a Spartan virgin, and, amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost summit of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity, as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many, who were present, related that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the bottom of her leap; but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape.

Spectator.

LIV.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

The Lesbian Sappho, since she was desperately in love with Phaon, approached the temple of Apollo, clad as a bride, in snow-white garments. She bore on her head a myrtle crown, in her right hand an instrument of music, which she herself, too, had invented. When she had sung a hymn to Apollo, she suspended before his shrine, on the one side her fillet, on the other her harp. Afterwards, her garments being tucked up, after the manner of a Spartan maiden, and while thousands of spectators, anxious, were offering up vows for her safety, she advanced straight to the extreme top of the promontory. There, when she had sung certain of her own verses, and yet

not so as to be heard by us, she so cast herself from the rock, as no one with a more daring spirit had essayed the dangerous leap. Of the by-standers many related that they saw her drop into the sea, whence she never emerged. But there were (some) who affirmed that she reached not to the end of her leap, but that, while falling, she was changed into a swan, and under this appearance flitted about before their eyes in mid air.

LVI.

Oh Peace! thou source and soul of social life,
 Blest be the man divine who gives us thee!
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
 Who sheathes the murderous blade; the deadly spear
 Into the well-piled armory returns.
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings,
 And him the smiling mother to her train:
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful vale
 Chants; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough
 Or team he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
 Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace,
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

Thomson.

LVI.

Into HEXAMETERS.

Hail, Peace! thou fountain and spirit of genial life, may he
 enjoy a prosperous lot to whom we owe thee. It is of that boon

that both the clang of brass ceases, which before used to stir up mad nations to war, and that the blood-stained sword is sheathed, and the ample armories keep the deadly spears. Him the undefiled maiden sings, her modesty safe, and the mother rejoicing among the unharmed bands. Him the shepherd teaches the still silence of the valley to resound with ; and the husbandmen, when the sure reward of their toil is obtained, extol ; whether they are turning the land with the constant ploughshare, or whether they follow the wains afar into the city. Under this guide the sailor, when the moon puts forth her twinkling torch, lulls the waters of night ; not one only land acknowledges the joy ; he is praised in the whole world ; as far as the Sun shines forth with the extended light of day ; as far as the breeze bears the blessings of divine Peace, until every nation in the earth catch up the harmonious strain.

LVII.

Still glooms the night, still shines the day
Beneath the Moon's soft, silver ray ;
Beneath the Sun's triumphant light,
That seems to make all nature bright ;
And Thou art not ;—in solitude
The thoughts of other years awake,
No marvel that my heart should ache,
When on thy vanished charms I brood.
Oh Azza, what is life to him
Whose star is quenched, whose day is dim,—
Dim as the visioned hours of night,
When sorrows frown, and cares affright ?

Blackwood's Magazine.

LVII.

Into ELEGIACS.

The night is still darkling, and still the clear light of day shines, where pure Cynthia glitters in her rays ; where the Sun in the height of heaven yields his gleaming fires, the whole face of nature is bright with light. Yet thou art snatched away—my deserted mind calls back to me former joy, and past days. What wonder that my heart within mourns thy beauties stolen, and feeds upon vain regret for thee. O loved one, what can life profit me left ? the light of my star extinguished is hidden without light. It is void of light, as the horror of the silent night broods, which casts clouds upon the brow, fear upon the heart.

LVIII.

Κεῖται μόνος ἀπ' ἄλλων.—*Soph. Phil.* 182.

Into ALCAICS.

See where amid the waters of the unbroken sea an island is lashed by wild waves, Philoctetes in exile still wears on his life under malignant deities. Scarce his weapons and bow supply food ; solitary he wanders by the inhospitable shore ; scarce the caves are a resting-place for his limbs, which the blasts and the rain enter. But (neither) a mantle with Persian array, nor a couch laid with purple could give him rest ; he could not enjoy savour wrought out from Sicilian dainties. Forsooth afflicted, in his inmost vitals and in his whole body he bears the wound of his foot ; nor by night or day does restless anguish leave him in repose. It will avail him nothing if he pour wretched prayers and vain vows to the obdurate gods ; but the wanton winds mock at his vows, the wave of the sea carries away his prayers.

LIX.

Fear and anger, to answer the purposes of nature, are happily so contrived as to operate sometimes instinctively, sometimes deliberately, according to circumstances. So far as deliberate, they fall in with the general system, and require no particular explanation: if any object have a threatening appearance, reason suggests means to avoid the danger: if a man be injured, the first thing he thinks of is, what revenge he shall take, and what means he shall employ. These particulars are not less obvious than natural. But as the passions of fear and anger, in their instinctive state, are less familiar to us, it may be acceptable to the reader to have them accurately delineated.

Home on Criticism.

LIX.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

That they may answer the designs of nature, fear and anger affect us fitly enough, whether spontaneously or purposely, as the case may require. So far as they act purposely, they agree with the universal system, and there is no need that they should be more accurately explained. If any thing seem to threaten us, reason herself will admonish sufficiently, how we may ward off the danger. If however any one has received a wrong, this he first considers with himself, how far, and by what means, he can seek revenge. But these things are clear to all and of themselves. But since the influences of fear and anger, when they arise spontaneously, are less known to most, it will, I think, be acceptable to the reader, if we define them in some measure exactly.

LX.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
 Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm ;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway
 That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare,
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Gray.

LX.

Into ALCAICS.

*Lo, the light of the auspicious day smiles more delight-
 fully ; the light Zephyrs blow : the gilded trireme exults to
 ride over the blue waves. Vaunting Youth with open heart
 climbs the prow ; ignorant of the whirlwinds, which the
 evening gloom may collect, Pleasure sits on the swift stern.
 Pour forth wine from the capacious goblets ; let the refined
 dainties add their savours ; the Fates may leave a banquet to
 him, from whom they have taken away kingly honours. A
 gloomy pair, pale Hunger, craving Thirst, wait as witnesses*

at the throne, and regard with malignant eye the sorrows of the mocked king. Hear ye ? or does not Mars excite a din, and mingle spears with spears, horses with horses ? and last-ing slaughter presses on its course by mowing down the kindred troops.

LXI.

Tell me on what holy ground
May domestic Peace be found.
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottaged vale she dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells.
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien ;
Love, the sire of pleasing fears ;
Sorrow, smiling through her tears :
And conscious of the past employ
Memory bosom-spring of joy.

Coleridge.

LXI.

Into ELEGIACS.

Tell me near what confines of hallowed earth Peace may delight to have fixed her harmless home. Hence afar to the clouds, as a sojourner delighting in the sky ; hence afar she is wafted, hurried in flight. She shuns the pride, the sceptre,

and diadem of the tyrant, and the hoarse strife of the forum banded together. Happier in a cottage she lies hid beneath a retired vale; where on the holy day the friendly bell tinkles. Wherever she advances, still beside her steps pure Faith clings with downcast eye. Moreover Love is her companion, whence is not unpleasing fear; and Sorrow, as the smile puts to flight the tears from her face. And while she faithfully calls to mind the past hours, memory brings with her future joys.

LXII.

There is not, in my opinion, a consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate desires in the soul of man, than the notions of Plato and his followers upon that subject. They tell us, that every passion which has been contracted by the soul during her residence in the body remains with her in a separate state; and that the soul in the body, or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself when he is in his house, or in open air. When therefore the obscene passions in particular have once taken root, and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside.

Addison.

LXII.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

There is nothing, at least in my opinion, which can more avail to extinguish the excessive desires of the soul, than what Plato and the Platonic School have put forth upon that sub-

ject. For they say that each single appetite which the soul shall have contracted, whilst it dwelt in the body, remains also separately ; moreover that the soul itself, whether it be in or out of the body, differs from itself not more, than a man, when he is at home or abroad, is different from himself. If at any time the fouler appetites shall have been implanted in us, and shall have infused themselves into the soul, they adhere not to be plucked out, and, when the body shall have been cast off and thrown aside, they will abide for ever.

LXIII.

In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretch'd
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lull'd his indolent repose ;
And in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetch'd,
Even from the blazing chariot of the Sun,
A beardless youth, who touch'd a golden lute,
And fill'd the illumined groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes
Towards the crescent Moon, with grateful heart
Call'd on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport :
And hence a beaming Goddess with her nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes

By echo multiplied from rock or cave,)
 Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars
 Glance rapidly across the clouded heavens
 When winds are blowing loud.

Wordsworth.

LXIII.

Into HEXAMETERS.

Under the grateful brightness of (that) clime a solitary rustic stretched upon the ground, when the mid heat of summer was increasing, and on the grassy turf tuning his simple pipe, he beguiled the safe repose of the tranquil day. If now the weary modulations of his own voice were silent somewhat beyond their wont, haply through the air he caught the fitful murmurs of a strain heard afar; but murmurs they came of a strain how far better than (the strains) which he simple could compose for himself with untaught art. Then in rapt mind he called a beardless youth even from the chariot of the glittering Sun. But He with thumb ran over the golden strings of his harp, and touched with new delight the gleaming woods. Then too the hunter in the shade of the still night, when he looked up to the pure orb of the crescent Moon, gratefully bearing witness to the friendly aid of her light, wished for Her as companion of his spoil and joyous toil. Nor is there delay; through the glades, through the lairs of the dark grove, lo, the Goddess darted, girt by a band of nymphs. Voices of joy were there, which resounding Echo sent back increased from rocks, and hiding-places of caves. Thus the Goddess, thus her nymphs in the ardour of the chase sped their way through the fields, not otherwise, sparkling in the transit of the troubled sky, shine either the moon or the stars, and the winds struggling in the heaven mingle conflicts.

LXIV.

Merrily the throstle sings
 In the merry May ;
 The throstle singeth to my ear,
 My heart is far away.
 Merrily with blossom boughs
 Laugheth out the tree,
 Mine eyes upon the blossoms look,
 My heart is on the sea.
 My May is not the blossom bough,
 The magic in the sky ;
 My May was in the winter frost,
 When One was smiling by.

Bulwer's Harold.

LXIV.

Into ELEGIACS.

In the coverts of the wood the notes of the thrush resound joyous, as soon as the joyous hour of May returns. The note of the thrush falls upon my aroused ears, but my heart flits far from thence, unmindful of the song. The tree joyous arrays itself in flowers and buds, as though it laughed in its own fertility. With my eye I gaze upon the flowers and scented buds ; my sad heart roves afar in the waters of ocean. Not to me does May return with the young flower of the bough ; not to me does May return in ethereal voices. I recognise May in the dew of the wintry frost, when He mingles smiles with my smiles.

LXV.

Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ'· ἀπαλλε δὲ κήτε' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
 πάντοθεν ἐκ κευθμῶν, οὐδ' ἠγνοίησεν ἀνακτα'
 γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα δῖστατο· τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο
 ῥίμφα μάλ', οὐδ' ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄζων·
 τὸν δ' ἐς Ἀχαιῶν νῆας εὐσκαρθμοὶ φέρον ἵπποι.
 Ἔστι δέ τι σπέος εὐρὺ βαθείης βένθεσι λίμνης,
 μεσσηγὺς Τενέδοιο καὶ Ἴμβρον παιπαλοέσσης·
 ἐνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων.

Hom. Il. xiii. 27—34.

LXV.

Into ALCAICS.

Of old He who as God enjoys the boundless limits of the empire of the sea, swift through the Ægean swell drove his horses and fleet chariot. Beneath the wheels of their longed-for Lord the floating monsters of the deep sported; and scattered troops of dolphins bounded forth upon the surface of the waves. With unwonted sounds of joy the sea gaping burst asunder in its depths; and ocean by wondrous commotions of its waters acknowledged its king. Then with eager flight the two-yoked horses rushed in among the Grecian ships; nor did the foam of the sea wet with light sprinkling the brazen axle. But He in deep recesses reposed at length, where the intervening water separates the caverns of Tenedos from the lofty crags of Imbros.

LXVI.

The poor and ignorant Arab, whether of the desert or town, moulds with clay the jars for his daily wants, in a

form which may be traced in the most elegant vases of Greece or Rome ; and, what is no less remarkable, identical with that represented on monuments raised by his ancestors three thousand years before. If he speaks, he shows a ready eloquence ; his words are glowing and apposite ; his descriptions true, yet brilliant ; his similes just, yet most fanciful. These high qualities seem to be innate in him ; he takes no pains to cultivate, or to improve them : he knows nothing of reducing them to any rule, or measuring them by any standard. As it is with him, so it has been from time unknown with those who went before him : there has been little change—no progress.

Layard's Nineveh.

LXVI.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

The Arab, though poor and untaught, whether he be from the desert or an inhabitant of the city, moulds for daily uses pitchers from clay, the like shapes to which are extant in the more refined vases of Greece and Rome. Yea, what we may more wonder at, entirely the same may be found in the monuments, which three thousand years ago his ancestors erected. If he speaks, he has prompt eloquence ; he utters glowing, but fitting terms ; his narrations are true, yet showy ; his similes just, although they may be almost beyond measure inventive. These endowments seem to be implanted in him ; he neither cares that they should be cultivated and improved, nor knows how to reduce them to rule, or measure them by any model. As it is now to himself, so of old it has been to those before him before the memory of men ; scarcely any thing is changed, nothing at all progresses.

LXVII.

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight,
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native land—good night.
 A few short hours and he will rise,
 To give the morrow birth ;
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother earth.
 Deserted is my own good hall,
 Its hearth is desolate ;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
 My dog howls at the gate.

Byron's Childe Harold.

LXVII.

Into ELEGIACS.

*And now farewell, and again farewell to me, native land ;
 thee the wave of the sea snatches far from my sight. The
 winds sigh, the billows re-echo against the shores ; the sea-bird
 completes its journey with obscene murmur. Lo, where the
 departing sun is buried in the wave of the sea ; we too are
 carried away in flight, whither he flies. We fly, as the sun, so
 thee, driven away awhile ; unwilling we say, native land,
 farewell. Brief hours have passed—then he will rise again,
 that hence to-morrow's dawn may shine, about to rise in the*

sky. And soon I shall salute the azure both of sea and heaven ; but the land which bore me is not to be beheld by me. The hall, in which as a boy I played, is left deserted ; alas ! its hearth is void of hospitality, and glows not with fire. The grass mixed with thorns clings to the walls ; the dog, left as a guard, howls at the gate.

LXVIII.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
 The silent pace, with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay.
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart ;
 Streams never flow in vain ; where streams abound
 How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd !
 But time, which should enrich the nobler mind,
 Neglected leaves a weary waste behind.

LXVIII.

Into HEXAMETERS.

As of a river the course of time too is borne ; both flow down in the channel of a ceaseless stream ; gradually they pass by, with silent foot, with equal steps ; not by entreaty, not by bribe can you stay them, vows delay them not at all ; not the one, not the other will you be able to recall ; in the deep waves of ocean both at last are swallowed up. Though the one may be mutually equal and like the other, they will have not a slight difference if any one weigh them. Rivers run not in vain ;

where a river abounds, that land smiles with varied wealth and fertility ; but that which should bestow gifts upon the divine mind, time neglected leaves a dry desert.

LXIX.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things :
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Shirley.

LXIX.

Into ALCAICS.

We should not vaunt a useless name, a pedigree of endless race; as vain shadows they will perish; their honour decays, the image remains. Fate forces all by the same law; arms nor triple brass will avail, that the blows of death should be averted; he tames purple kings. Moreover, he breaks the jewelled sceptres, the signs of envied power; to spades and the reaper's crooked scythe surer ruin will not come. There are who mow with the sword bloody fields, plant fresh laurels where they strike; but, one in the ruin of another, they will acknowledge their strength subdued. Sooner or later we all must yield, when cruel destiny calls back her own gift of vital breath; the prey of death we shall go to the darkness of the tomb. See the garlands wither on thy brow! they warn you not to exult in what you have achieved. See the victor expiring at the altars, the victim of pitiless Orcus. The head of every one at last shall come down to the shades of the grave; then sweetly smelling the deeds of the just shall remain; they shall flourish beneath the dust of the tomb.

LXX.

Rivers may run backward to their sources, fire descend downward to the earth, the courses of the stars be reversed, the poison of to-day become the food of to-morrow, the very elemental law of all outward things be repealed, and instead of all things following as they have been, what once has been may never be again; but even in this vast ruin, moral truths

would still remain unaltered and unalterable, on which a good and holy mind would rest as on a rock—

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

But if man has no such rock, even without such a physical convulsion, there is much to shake his belief.

Sewell—Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato.

LXX.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

Streams may run backwards to their fountains; the fire may fall downwards to the earth; the courses of the stars may pass inverted. That which is poison to-day, may become to-morrow's food; the primary law of all external things may be annulled; and whereas all things follow on in the order in which they have been, what may once have existed, that may not again be about to be. But yet in this so great ruin the true principles of morality can neither be changed nor changeable. Upon these as though upon a rock the mind of every good and holy man may rest—if the shattered world fall to pieces the ruins will strike him undismayed. But to whom this rock is wanting, there are very many things, without any commotion of nature, to break down his faith.

LXXI.

Weave thee a wreath of woodbine, child,
'Twill suit thy infant brow.
It runs up free in the woodlands wild,
As tender and as frail as thou.

Passages for Translation

He bound his brow with a woodbine wreath,
And smiled his playful eye,
And he softly skipp'd o'er the blossom'd heath,
In his young heart's ecstasy.

I saw him not till his manly brow
Was clouded with thought and care,
And the smile of youth, and its beauty now
No longer wanton'd there.

Go twine thee a crown of the ivy-tree,
And gladden thy loaded breast.
Bright days may yet shine out for thee,
And thy bosom again know rest.

LXXI.*Into ELEGIACS.*

Come then, O tender one, weave for thyself garlands of woodbine, which fit enough may suit thy brow. That flower springs up in the coverts of the wild wood; it is frail, it is tender, and it is like to thee. That boy entwined the green chaplets on his brow, and a free smile was in his guileless eye. Then light he bounded among the scented heather, and his merry bosom bounded with joy. No more I saw him, till beneath his manly forehead there was a gloomy brow and sad care. The laugh was not there, which his early boyhood knew; the beauty, which was before, shone not forth there. Go now, weave thyself a chaplet from the ivy leaves, that may take away the burden from thy wearied breast. Days about to come may shine for thee with better light, and again you may have rest in a heart unharmed.

LXXII.

Long years roll'd on—and I saw again
His form in hoary age.
His forehead was deeply furrow'd then,
In life's last feeble stage.

O be thy crown, old man, I said,
Of the yew and cypress made ;
A garland meet for thy silver'd head,
Ere it low in the tomb be laid.

And such is life, and such is man,
In his fleeting course below ;
His little day, that in joy began,
Must proceed and end in woe.

But another day shall weave for him
A garland that will not die ;
And his cup of bliss shall o'erflow its brim ;
He shall live eternally.

LXXII.

Into ELEGIAOS.

Gathering years passed on—he was before me, hoary old age was slackening his trembling steps. Sad wrinkles had furrowed his countenance and temples, he was weakened at the goal of life. The ill-omened yew, and cypress bough, I said, remain garlands fit enough for a worn-out old man. These badges may become your snow-white hairs, until you shall your-

self be laid in the sepulchral dwelling-place. Thus are we mortals, thus is life bestowed upon us, as beneath upon earth it flies hurried on. Our short day is begun to us in the midst of joys; there is sorrow in its course, there is pain too in its end. But a coming day, which may weave garlands, will remain, (that) day will bring garlands not to perish in ages. His joyous cups shall overflow their brim now full; another lot without death after death remains.

LXXIII.

Nature in no particular seems more profuse of ornament, than in the beautiful colouring of her works. The flowers of plants, the furs of beasts, and the feathers of birds, vie with each other in the beauty of their colours, which in lustre as well as in harmony are beyond the power of imitation. Of all natural appearances, the colouring of the human face is the most exquisite: it is the strongest instance of the ineffable art of nature, in adapting and proportioning its colours to the magnitude, figure, and position of the parts. In a word, colour seems to live in nature only, and to languish under the finest touches of art.

Home on Criticism.

LXXIII.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

In no part truly do we see Nature more prodigal of adorning, than in the colours which she lays upon her works. The flowers of plants, the skins of beasts, the plumage too of birds, rival one another in the beauty of their colours, inasmuch as

they are such as are not either in their brightness or their blending imitable. Yet how many forms soever Nature puts forth, before all the complexion of the human countenance shines surpassing. It doubtless best intimates how wondrously artificial Nature is ; for she adapts and intermingles her colours according to the size of the parts, their shape, finally their position. To speak briefly, in Nature alone colours seem to live, but to fade as soon as art, even the most refined, desires to touch them.

LXXIV.

Aliud alii Natura iter ostendit.

Into ELEGIACS.

Who would not wonder how many colours Nature has, how with various guise and power she renews all things ? She assumes at will, as Proteus, a thousand forms ; and is always unequal and unlike herself. See where mountains out of mountains seek the topmost stars ; see where the joyful pastures lie in the plain. Rivers run down, resembling the billows of the sea ; the rivulet among the fields falls from slight fountain. If now Aquarius saddens the wintry year, spring returns, and with its return a gentler breeze glows. "All things are changed, we, too, are changed among them ;" unlooked-for chance brings to the life of men vicissitudes. Uncertain we are carried ; we are plunged in the tide of affairs ; and in unsafe bark set sail across the sea. The lofty palace rises near the mean taverns, and Cræsus and Irus pass their life side by side : One derides the lover ; another rages with love ; this man shuns the yoke of wedlock, which that man seeks. Some court the work of war, some the seductions of peace ; Pallas sways them with her alternate influence.

Hither and thither we bend our course, the same end awaits us ; a thousand ways remain, and one goal of the way.

LXXV.

Φῶς γενέσθω.

Into ALOAICS.

When now the world was lying hid in its first origin, and Nature knew neither her rise nor issues, but chaos held all things in close chain. These things the right hand of effective power, these things the law of wisdom ordained, at the command of the supreme Creator light shone in the midst of darkness. That light shone forth two-fold in the sky—the sun to minister the greater illumination over his daily circuits, the moon to give the lesser torch among the shades. Moreover too the heaven above glitters with glancing fires, so God willed, and stars arising after stars, constellations with constellations shine. But which might surpass the gleams of the sky, and the fires of the sun, there is given to man a torch of light, and undying illumination ; a spirit, and ethereal senses. By this endowment I shall be wafted from the earth to God, and my life shall give way to a surviving life ; destined to leave the shades of the sepulchre, I shall enjoy the light of heaven (as) more my own.

LXXVI.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάνη,
 δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας θείη πεδίῳ κροαίνων,
 εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐϋρβείῳ ποταμοῖο,
 κυδιώων· ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
 ὦμοις ἀττссονται· ὃ δ' ἀγλαΐῃ πεποιθὼς,
 ῥίμφα ἐ γούνα φέρει μετὰ τ' ἥθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων.

Hom. Il. xv. 263—268.

LXXVI.

Into HEXAMETERS.

Not otherwise the horse which has grown up in the court of a rich man, and long fattened at the full stalls, at last, if he has cast the bonds from his neck, he rushes over the lands free and exulting. Through the fields, through the open ways, he is borne away, and outstrips wings in his quick flight. He rejoices triumphant to plunge himself in the accustomed channel of the river. He utters joyous neighings, lifts his head aloft, and the fitful breeze sheds his scattered mane upon his shoulders. His knees totter not, but firm in rapid flying they send him to the pastures, confident in his strength and beauty.

LXXVII.

Veturia Coriolanum alloquitur.—Liv. ii. 40.

Sine, priusquam complexum accipio, sciam ad hostem, an ad filium, venerim; captiva materne in castris tuis sim? In hoc me longa vita et infelix senecta traxit, ut exulem te, deinde hostem viderem? Potuisti populari hanc terram, quæ te genuit atque aluit? Non tibi, quamvis infesto animo et minaci perveneras, ingredienti fines ira cecidit? Non, cum in conspectu Roma fuit, succurrit, intra illa mœnia domus et penates mei sunt, mater, conjux, liberique? Ergo, ego nisi peperissem, Roma non oppugnaretur; nisi filium haberem, libera in liberâ patriâ mortua essem. Sed ego nihil jam pati, nec tibi turpius quam mihi miserius, possum; nec, ut sim miserrima, diu futura sum. De his videris; quæ, si pergis, aut immatura mors, aut longa servitus manet.

LXXVII.

Into ELEGIACS.

Stand hence aloof; you shall not be clasped in my arms, unless I shall first hear, are you present a son or an enemy? Whether am I myself detained a captive in a hateful camp? or do I enjoy my proper honour, as a mother, from you? Is it thus that life has carried me to a wretched old age? Whence you were absent an exile, now seek you (these) plains an enemy? If with threatening feeling you trod upon the boundary of your country, would you not wish to have checked your wrath? Hast thou not said to thyself, when Rome lay before your eyes—"Here is my home, here is my wife, and paternal, Lares"? Hadst thou not been born, our country would not grieve beleaguered; had I not been a mother, Rome would be free. Alas! my miseries are degrading, and also very wretched; but my miseries by my death may not be lasting. Yet turn an eye on these, whom, if you persist in your undertaking, death before their day awaits them, or the yoke of slavery.

LXXVIII.

It is scarcely possible to refrain from smiling at the boldness with which these first adventurers in the field of speculation, unconscious of the scantiness of their resources, or of the difficulty of the enterprise, rushed at once to the solution of the highest problems of philosophy. But, to temper any disdainful feeling which their temerity may excite, it should be remembered that, without the spirit which prompted this hardihood, philosophy would probably never have risen from its cradle. The direction which it took

toward outward objects, was the most conformable to the natural tendency of the human mind, and to the peculiar character and genius of the Ionian race.

Thirlwall's History of Greece.

LXXVIII.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

We can scarcely indeed restrain a smile (when) considering with what boldness these, altogether strangers in the field of speculation, dashed in to unravel the most difficult questions of philosophy, utterly indifferent what a little amount of resources there was in themselves, and what a hazardous work they were handling. Yet their boldness may somewhat less move our disdain, if we remember that (Philosophy) was brought forth by this rashness, which, had it been wanting, Philosophy would never have come out of its cradle. That it turned itself especially to externals, that indeed was more suitable both to the nature of men in general, and to the peculiar disposition of the Ionian race.

LXXIX.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that hope's sweet day is set;
While I've thee and love remaining,
Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
Though thy roses fade and fall;
Beauty hath a grace undying,
Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
 That on other cheeks may shine,
 Would I change the least, the slightest,
 That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

LXXIX.

Into ELEGIACS.

But say not that the course of life is waning, say not that hope has perished at the close of day. As long as you remain, as long as the light of love remains, life survives grateful to me in its horizon. Nor believe that your beauties have departed, taken away; although the roses in your countenance may wither and fall. Grace abides to female beauty imperishable; in thee, if all things perish, it will survive. What if a new, a bright loveliness shine forth; if another brow bear a surpassing honour. For my part I would not change these least, and lightest, which yet, fair one, cling to thy brow.

LXXX.

There will I build him
 A monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
 With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valour, and adventures high:
 The virgins also shall, on feastful days,

Visit his tomb with flowers : only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Milton's Samson Agonistes.

LXXX.

Into HEXAMETERS.

To his name I will build the memorial of a glorious sepulchre, I will set around both the green laurels and the shade of palms ; whence his many trophies shall hang, which he earned in the conflict of fearful war. Moreover, mindful annals shall tell, the modulations of song entrusted to the lyre shall sing his heroic deeds. Hither too the sturdier age of youth shall assemble, whom his surpassing honour shall stimulate to glorious exploits ; and their vivid valour shall catch fresh ardour. On festivals, the chaste band of maidens shall adorn these ashes with flowers ; this only complaint shall check their song, that thus unhappy in his wedded lot, he died both with blind eyes, and a slave.

LXXXI.

Might I, like the soaring dove,
Roam the ærial fields above,
Her, who, borne on tempest wings,
Forth with rustling pinion springs,
Sweet it were, from clouds on high,
Battle's changeful tide to spy.
Jove ! whose everlasting sway,
Heaven's unchanging Gods obey,

Jove! before whose piercing eyes
 Bare each thing created lies,
 Let not, on the conflict plain,
 Theseus spread his toils in vain;
 Grant to Athens' champions brave
 Might to vanquish, strength to save.

Anstice.—Translation from Soph. Œd. Col.

LXXXI.

Into ALCAICS.

Oh if I could wander forth hence with the impulse of the swift dove, through the liquid air; and borne upon the tempest's wing, could speed my course through the expanse. I am eager to visit among the heights of heaven, where the earth spread out lies beneath my feet, and I would look down upon the ebbing tide of war and the doubtful struggles. Thou, O Jupiter, who swayest the supreme ranks of the Gods by the laws of empire, who alone with keen gaze governest all things on earth subdued—let not Theseus take vain thought, let him not prepare fruitless snares against the enemy; may the power of Athens come forth avenging through the dangers of war.

LXXXII.

The bride is dead! The bride is dead!
 Cold and frail and fair she lieth;
 Wrapt is she in sullen lead;
 And a flower is at her head;
 And the breeze above her sightheth,
 Thorough night and thorough day,
 "Fled away! Fled away!"

Once,—but what can that avail?—
 Once she wore within her bosom
 Pity, which did never fail;
 A hue that dash'd the lily pale;
 And upon her cheek a blossom
 Such as yet was never known:
 —All is past and overthrown!

Mourn! the sweetest bride is dead;
 And her knight is sick with sorrow,
 That her bloom is lapp'd in lead
 Yet he hopeth, fancy fed,
 He may kiss his love to-morrow.
 But the breezes—what say they?
 “Fled away! Fled away!”

Barry Cornwall.

LXXXII.

Into ELEGIACS.

The bride is gone alas, let us grieve; alas the bride (is) dead; in the tomb she lies frail, cold, (and) fair. A leaden robe wraps the limbs of the deceased; and the short-lived roses give flowery garlands for her head. The breezes bring sad sighs by night and by day—she is snatched away from us, alas! unembodied she is snatched away. Of old, but nothing can this avail, if of old she has borne towards all a soft heart in a faithful bosom. Fair, she was pale so as to surpass the Lilies themselves; and her modest cheeks blushed with roses; What if she shone forth more beauteous than all beauty? not the less has she been snatched away, and her grace has passed by. Mourn ye; the fairest one is departed; her lover sor-

rows that her lovely form shall be laid in lead. Thus vainly he hopes, beguiled by a phantasy of the mind, "To-morrow I will give re-iterated kisses to my darling." Yet what do the sad sighs of the breezes say? She is snatched away from you, alas! unembodied she is snatched away.

LXXXIII.

Time, flie with greater speed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haste in flying brings
That wisht for, and expected day.

Comfort's sun we then shall see,
Tho' at first it darken'd be,
With dangers, yet those clouds but gone
Our day will put his lustre on.

Then tho' death's sad night appear,
And we in lonely silence rest;
Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,
But with lasting day be blest.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power;
Thus there's nothing can dis sever
Hearts which love hath join'd together.

Cowley.

LXXXIII.

Into ELEGIACS.

Away, Time, hasten, speed on a lighter course ; array your feathers now in more rapid flight. Until the fleet wing of the hours brings to us the day wished for with hope and prayers. Then the sun will dawn forth, to yield comfort ; although for a while a shade may withdraw its beam. There may be sadness in the shade ; now the darkness has dispersed ; the day now is illumined with its proper light. If by changed vicissitude the gloomy night of death brood (over us), and the cheerless rest of the tomb hide us. No more shall anguish press down our ravished senses ; the lasting light of heaven shall bring joy. Hence neither the envious care of friends can sever us, nor Libitina strike us again by her power. There will not longer remain anything to tear asunder us lovers, when faithful love has united our breasts.

LXXXIV.

There was a stirring in the air, the sun
Prevail'd, and gradually the brightening mist
Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag
Upon the right projected o'er the stream,
Not farther from the cave than a strong hand
Expert, with deadly aim, might cast the spear,
Or a strong voice, pitch'd to full compass, make
Its clear articulation heard distinct.

Southey.

LXXXIV.

Into HEXAMETERS.

And now the blasts of the winds were whispering, in the light of the rising sun the darkness fled gradually, and carried the mists dispersed to the light ether. From above on the right a horrid crag threatening downfall hung upon the edge of the river placed beneath. As far from the cave as either a sturdy hand could cast an arrow with sure impulse, or hurl a spear. Or as far as the voice of a man sent from the bottom of the breast could utter words to be heard through the upper air.

LXXXV.

“But what are we to do?” exclaims the practical man, impatiently on every side: “Descend from speculation and the safe pulpit down into the rough market-place, and say what can be done?” O practical man, there seem very many things which practice and true manlike effort, in Parliament and out of it, might actually avail to do. But the first of all things, as already said, is to gird thyself up for actual doing; to know that thou actually either must do, or, as the Irish say, “Come out of that!”

Carlyle.

LXXXV.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

Yet what can we do? he exclaims, utterly impatient, who refers every thing to practice. I would (that you) would

descend from your cogitations and secure rostrums, and approach the rough forum, and then perhaps you may tell us what may be done. O man, devoted to practice, there seems to be very many things, which that practice of yours and manly efforts, whether within the senate or without, may be able to do. In the first place, however, and before all things, as I said before, you must gird yourself for the doing, and know that that must in reality be done by you, or, as they speak Hibernically, "(You) must come out thence."

LXXXVI.

Past was the day of festal mirth;
 The monarch stood beside the hearth,
 Whose flickering brands cast changeful glow
 On his bright eye and stately brow.
 Upon that calm and noble face
 Deep thoughts had left their living trace,—
 Thoughts, such as press, with giant power,
 A common life into an hour;
 Each line of lofty meaning there
 Was graven by the hand of Care;
 And the flash of that triumphant eye,
 That arching lip's stern majesty,
 Told of full many a foe withstood,—
 Without, disdain'd—within, subdued!

Lays and Ballads.

LXXXVI.

Into ELEGIACS.

The splendid banquets had ceased, the festival was still ; the King was alone with himself before his own Lares. The ardour of his eye, the dignity of his open brow, the lurid flame of the smouldering hearth reveals. Beneath the tranquil majesty of his serene countenance counsels and the signs of care remain marked ; but in these counsels there is an imperious power, as though life might become a brief hour in its flight. The wrinkles which the loftier beauty of his face puts forth, each line is graven by the hand of Care. His flashing eyes gleam with pure fervour, majesty and command sit upon his lips. By these proofs he is manifest a conqueror from a vanquished foe ; despising outward things, he subdues those within.

LXXXVII.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew ; and like a wood-nymph light
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves ; but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd ;
But with such gard'ning tools as art, yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd Pomona, when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay :
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return
 Repeated, she to him as oft engaged
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
 And all things in best order to invite
 Noon-tide repast, or afternoon's repose.

Milton.

LXXXVII.

Into HEXAMETERS.

She had said—after, with the fall of her voice, she gently untwined her hand from her companion's hand, and through the shades of the wood, without delay, and the coverts of the grove she cast herself ; as a light nymph among the Dryads or Oreads, or such bands as Diana leads, but herself too was by her gait revealed more clearly a Goddess than Diana. But the bow was wanting, the shafts were wanting, the badges of the woodland Deity. Nor bore she, except the weapons which might suffice for the garden, which rude art had forged for her with no fire, or ministers, to whom she went a care, had brought from heaven. Thus adorned, Pales or another Pomona, she seeks the woods ; to the chaste Pomona she is more akin, when she fled from Vertumnus ; or to Ceres in the flower of her youth, when Proserpine bore her from Jove a virgin daughter. He followed her retreating with ardent look, since he cannot stay her. Oft he admonished her, lest perchance she delay her return ; oft she too promised that she would return to the familiar shrubberies before the sun should accomplish his mid course—then she would prepare all things in accustomed order, either in the heat of the sun at its height to persuade repast, or sleep at the evening hour.

LXXXVIII.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
 When fondly hastening home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idler wanderers roam ;
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every snare
 Of sinful passion free,
 Aloft through virtue's purer air
 To wing my course to Thee.
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

Moore.

LXXXVIII.

Into ELEGIACS.

See the bird which bends its wings in the eastern clouds, and hopes that it has sought its wished-for home, turns not sluggish pinions towards the earth, nor tardy as the idlers, delays its course. But aloft to the rays of the sun, to the mid-air it darts ; borne away it spurns the distasteful earth. Nay, nothing earthly can avail to curb its flight, nor can irksome shadow overcast its way with clouds. Me, I pray, Omnipotent Jehovah, mayest Thou so guard me cleansed from vices and the snares of evil. To Thee, where

the purer atmosphere of Virtue is bright, may I be wafted in winged flight among the highest stars. May offences not deaden my soul, or vain wiles retard it, but that holy it may seek its proper home. May its course be illumined with the brightness of divine light ; may its wing fly free in Thy liberty.

LXXXIX.

I.—1.

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thund'ring tread ?
'Twas Death. In haste
The warrior past ;
High tower'd his helmed head :
I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
I saw his giant arm the falchion wield ;
Wide wav'd the bick'ring blade, and fir'd the angry air.

I.—2.

On me, (he cry'd,) my Britons, wait ;
To lead you to the field of fate
I come : Yon car,
That cleaves the air,
Descends to throne my state :
I mount, your champion and your god.
My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong :
Hark ! to my wheels of brass, that rattle loud !
Hark ! to my clarion shrill, that brays the woods among !

I.—3.

Fear not now the fever's fire,
 Fear not now the death-bed groan,
 Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
 Bed-rid age with feeble moan :
 These domestic terrors wait
 Hourly at my palace gate ;
 And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,
 These on the tyrant king and coward slave
 Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to the grave.

LXXXIX.

Into ALCAICS.

Hear ye ! or does enthusiasm mock me with sickly image ?
 Now I seem to hear a foot, at which the earth quakes as though
 stricken with a thundering tread. I am not deceived—it was
 stern Death ; he passed by with the keen impulse of a warrior ;
 his lofty head nodded in the air ; his funereal crests quivered.
 Lo I saw his arms, I saw his shield, and the barbs of his
 lightning spear ; he brandished a giant falchion, as though fire
 caught the air. To you, O Britons, I will be present a
 leader—the lot of a severe conflict is imminent ; if the last
 destiny shall await you, prepare as comrades to wend the final
 journey. Lo my car, which but now cleft the air, descends,
 that it may be a distinction for my ample honours, I am borne
 at once your champion and auspice. The steed neighs scarce
 endurant of the lash, while my brazen wheel rattles in its
 course, and the clang of the sacred trumpets re-echoes through
 the coverts of the wood. Ye may despise the gasp of sickly

fever; ye may despise the stroke of pestilent contagion, diseases, and wearying griefs, and the groans of weakly old age. This crowd of satellites stands at (my) palace, if ever I gather the slothful kingdoms, that they may snatch to Orcus the coward slaves, the trembling tyrants.

XC.

II.—1.

But ye, my sons, at this high hour
Shall share the fulness of my power :
 From all your bows,
 In levell'd rows,
My own dread shafts shall shower.
Go then to conquest, gladly go,
Deal forth my dole of destiny,
With all my fury dash the trembling foe
Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's pale spectres lie;

II —2.

Where creeps the ninefold stream profound
Her black inexorable round,
 And on the bank,
 To willows dank,
The shiv'ring ghosts are bound.
Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell
To full-orb'd pride, and fading die,
Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell :
Not such the meed that crowns the sons of liberty

II.—3.

No, my Britons ! battle slain,
Rapture gilds your parting hour :
I, that all despotic reign,
Claim but there a moment's power.
Swiftly the soul of British flame
Animates some kindred frame ;
Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
Exults again in martial ecstacies ;
Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies.
Mason's Caractacus.

XC.

Into ALCAIOS.

This is the full hour of my power, ye I summon both as ministers and partners, your quivered cohorts shall hurl the fierce shafts of death. Hence go ye, may victory attend you; hence may ye bring fate to the bands of the Romans, that they may lie in the lurking places, which ghosts and shades enter. Where through the deep pools Styx nine times traces the lingering circuit of his stream, and spectres quake bound among the darkling banks of willow. The moon shall have replenished in perpetual change six thousand, twice six, waning orbs; not again shall they enjoy on earth the light and gladness of life. Not such rewards await the free; not such payment is due to those falling in war; there is delightful pleasure, there is honour, the alleviation of their death. Among bloody battles there is to me, whom all things obey, (but) a brief sway; but soon the vital flame shall, with Britons, pass

into kindred frames. Soon too the fiery spirit shall rise again; shall exult in martial conflict; and in the cause of liberty daring to conquer, and not dreading to die.

XCI.

A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! What an inconsiderable creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters! My existence is of no concern to the universe; I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God." It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until by degrees it was refined into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

Spectator.

XCI.

Into PROSE, literally rendered.

When a drop of water had fallen down from a cloud into the sea, overwhelmed in the infinite stream it thus reasoned with itself. "Alas for me, what a little one I am in this so great ocean! That I am at all, what does it concern the world? Thus reduced nearly to nothing, among the works of

God I am less even than the least." While it was thus talking to itself, by chance an oyster, which close at hand was lying beneath, swallowed up the drop with wide-open mouth. It however, so it is in the fable, was a long while hardening in the surface of the shell, until at last it became a pearl. Which when it came into the hands of a diver, afterwards meeting with a varied lot, now it is attached, remarkable beyond others, in the peak of the diadem of the King of the Persians.

XCII.

Fair blows the wind, the vessel drives along,
Her streamers fluttering at their length, her sails
All full,—she drives along, and round her prow
Scatters the ocean spray. What feelings then
Fill'd every bosom, when the mariners,
After the peril of that weary way,
Beheld their own dear country ! Here stands one
Stretching his sight toward the distant shore,
And as to well-known forms his busy joy
Shapes the dim outline, eagerly he points
The fancied headland and the cape and bay,
Till his eyes ache o'erstraining. This man shakes
His comrade's hand and bids him welcome home,
And blesses God, and then he weeps aloud.
Here stands another, who in secret prayer
Calls on the Virgin and his patron saint,
Renewing his old vows of gifts and alms
And pilgrimage, so he may find all well.

Southey.

XCII.

Into HEXAMETERS.

The breeze is favourable, and the exulting ship flits over the waters with easy course, and gives her canvas to the winds with full bosom, and the streamers waft fluttering at the mast-head. The exulting ship scuds on, and with hoary spray the wave dances lightly around her, as though it gave kisses to the prow. What emotions of spirit, what conflicts of mind the sailors felt, when at last they were revisiting the dear shores of their country, after the thousand perils of the sea. One standing on the prow, stretches his eyes in longing for the distant land; in the obscure boundary of sight he imagines to himself various shapes, familiar spots, sharp rocks, and curved bays, and craggy heights of mountain, until by gazing his dulled vision wearies. That man renders thanks to God, with starting tears, he grasps his comrade's hand and hails him returning. That man, far off, inwardly, nor moving his lips, implores the aid of the blessed Virgin and his guardian divinity. He promises aid to the poor, and votive gifts, and holy wanderings, with which he may have bound himself of old, if the fates would restore him to his country with prosperous auspices.

XCIII.

THE SEA DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocky tide;
And many an eye has follow'd me
Where billows clasp the worn sea-side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush
Where ocean by the sun is kissed ;
When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down, beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep,
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem,
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

XCIII.

Into ELEGIACS.

Lo my way is over the blue waves of the sea, I have safe repose in the rapid whirlpools. As I am borne in my course, a thousand eyes look forth, where the roaring billow strikes the worn shore. My plumage shines glittering with bright-red hue, when the sun kisses the waters of ocean with his light. As the gilded rays lessen at the evening hour, my dark wing cuts through the mists of air. Moreover I glide down to the hidden caves of the deep sea, where a hollow arch of water overhangs. Countless species rest beneath ; but to them, and to me, the sea-shell gives its magic sounds. These lie where a seat is beneath them wrought of coral ; where a

diadem shines jewelled with light. Where the pale grape had crept on with wondrous clusters through the splendid roof of the watery dwelling.

XCIV.

At night, upon my storm-drench'd wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm had done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down—without a signal gun—
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea ;
Peace that their relics there were laid
With no vain pride and pageantry.

Longfellow.

XCIV.

Into ELEGIAOS.

Once in a stormy night my roving wing settled, where the wave bore a bark without a rudder. Soon I saw that shat-

tered by the blast, sport to the winds, the boat had passed away in the void deep. Lo, when at last the rage of the storm had subsided, a ship, which as yet had endured the violence and fury of the south wind, sunk down ; nor was there one-only sailor of the crew a survivor to tell (the tale) to his friends. I saw that the splendor of the day had nigh departed, and the crown was taken away from the bright-red cloud. The sailor was swallowed up in the lowest bosom of ocean, and, a sad corpse, went down into mid waters. May peace rest with them to whom by destiny sepulchres are given, where the seas shine above them with the light of silver. May their remains ever rest in tranquil peace ; not there does pomp come, the vain dirge is silent.

NOTES.



I.

MUSCA—Spatiatur—*Hor. Od. III. xxvii. 26*—*Virg. Ecl. ix. 39*—
fut. in rus.

II.

Satius esset—ærgo—destitutos—prorsus.

III.

Raptim—pernicior—*Hor. Sat. II. iv. 1*—Fascia provocat—sinus—
Hor. Od. I. iii. 5—Tantum non.

IV.

Bella — cacumina — correptæ — siluere — sed — haud intermis-
sam—charta.

V.

Hor. Od. III. iv. 47—numen—sub auras—*Hor. Od. IV. iv. 25*.

VI.

Offusa est (*Cf. Liv. xxvi. 45*)—complectebat—comparative—
quippe—*Æn. II. 325*—Simul—fida—*Hor. Sat. II. iii. 289*.

VII.

Delapsu—fut. in rus—affectat—concava—*Hor. A. Poet. 412*—
Juven. vii. 160—Comparative—effluxerit.

VIII.

Amplitudine—*Cf. Hor. Od. II. i. 4*—Oriunda—*Hor. A. P. 38*—Singulorum—universi—inferorum—aliquatenus—potuisse—ut maxime, here “ad unguem,” would be almost out of place—ministri—*Hor. A. P. 132*—*Hor. Epist. II. ii. 16*.

IX.

Hor. Od. III. i. 2.—Concutit—*Hor. Sat. I. iv. 60*—Feralis—impulsu—pres. participle—inexplendâ—ministri—temere.

X.

Congerie—arceet—lemures.

XI.

Lampyridos—ulvarum—ciebat—exiles—rebar—delinita—laqueis—quidni.

XII.

Hor. Od. IV. vii. 2—*Hor. Od. II. xiii. 12*—Discreto—superest—æquore—cærule—*Æn. III. 130*.

XIII.

Cf. sim. alliterat: Æn. VI. 204—Deciduas—rarescent—grasantur—situ—adaucta dies.

XIV.

Hor. Od. III. iv. 65—Recalcitrat—vis edura—*Georg. II. 65*—Pernici—*Hor. Od. II. iii. 24*—*Hor. Od. II. xiii. 9*—*Hor. Od. III. iii. 7*—Nulla dies *Cf. Juven. x. 265*.

XV.

Tibull. I. iii. 35—*Hor. Od. II. vi. 17*—*Virg. Georg. II. 44*—*Georg. II. 146*—Tenuibus trisyl.

XVI.

Fulgore—da radiare—aureolas—scatebras—*Hor. Od. iv. v. 8.*
—Suspensis pedibus—pinnæ—vibrat—deducere.

XVII.

Crebrior—supercilio—edita—tesqua—consociata—*Georg. iii. 366.*—Guttatim—fruticeta—incompositum adspirant—flabra—recreetur.

XVIII.

Hor. Od. iii. iv. 47.—Illitas—evagatur—aureolus.—*Hor. Od. iv. xiv. 5.*

XIX.

Præpete—desiderat—avena—flatibus—imago.

XX.

Hor. Od. i. xxxv. 6.—Reverberat—Clota—opulenta—raro—*Hor. Od. iv. iii. 21.*

XXI.

Temperie—irradiata—marmoris æquor—*Virg. Ecl. ix. 43.*—Elicitâ—plural—excogitat.

XXII.

Nescio quid—usque iterata—effœtis—hodierna—*Juven. xii. 130.*—Morabitur.

XXIII.

Charta sacrata—volumen—*Cf. Juven. xiv. 102.*

XXIV.

Ex animo—subfuscus—comparative—comparative—in acie ipsâ—temere collaudati.

XXV.

Halitus—virescentes—*Hor. Od. III. xxix. 50.*—*Hor. Od. II. xiii. 26.*—Harmoniam.

XXVI,

Exacto—caducam—bina crepuscula.

XXVII.

Ruricolis—vicinia—*Virg. Ecl. i. 34.*—Mercatura—rara taberna—*Virg. Ecl. iii. 27.*—*Pers. iv. 21.*—Cophinum—*Hor. Epist. II. i. 56.*—*Hor. Epist. II. vii. 65.*—Feriæ—nunquam non—satelles—*Cf. Juven. iv. 116.*

XXVIII.

Nec tamen adeo—undique peccatur—de aulicis—*Cf. Suet. Cal. c. xix.*—Urbanorum—*Cf. Liv. v. 20.*—Objurgat—proferunt—in-juriosas—aspergere—suam ipsius—fucum obducatur.

XXIX.

Sinu—oriundus—trahebat—*Virg. Georg. i. 110.*—*Ov. Trist. I. x. 39.*—Fonticulus—novus Ister.

XXX.

Camenas—tractus—*Hor. Od. III. i. 14.*—*Hor. Od. I. xxvii. 24.*—Peritus artis Apollinæ—*Hor. Od. II. xiv. 5.*—Parca severior—infin. perfect.—*Hor. Od. II. iii. 15.*

XXXI.

Occiduis—licet—per inane—*Hor. Epist. i. xviii. 102.*—Nūmine—ter amplum—commovet—plur—eximium.

XXXII.

Desuper—desiderium—oberrat.

XXXIII.

Acquiescat—haud aliter quam—ægrè—propensiùs—distrahendi—blanditur—comes—socius—*Cf. Hor. A. Poet. 344.*—Ut par est—instar—fabellas—quod lucro opponatur—ultimo cruciatu—divellendi.

XXXIV.

Superincubuerè—arridet—superest—temere—argutæ—studioque—parte—*Hor. Od. i. ii. 34.*

XXXV.

Vis dia—delinitis—haud intermissus—*Hor. Od. ii. xiii. 28.*—Perstrinxerit—qualiter—buccina—tuba—gentes—ardea—repetita tympana—*Æn. x. 891.*

XXXVI.

Hor. Epist. ii. xiv. 19.—*Æn. iii. 77.*—Constricta—ludat—æquant se—coortum est—iniquâ.

XXXVII.

Glomerata—obliquæ—ædis—subrepentibus—renatam—æthra.

XXXVIII.

Cf. Virg. Georg. iv. 466.—Prænuntia—obducant—percipit—vident—*Georg. iv. 3.*—Arboreis umbris—*Hor. Od. i. xxxi. 11.*—*Virg. Ecl. iii. 63.*—Alliteration, e. gr. *Æn. vi. 833.*

XXXIX.

Insignita—efferratam—*Hor. Od. iv. iv. 11.*—Tranat—*Hor. Od. iii. iii. 35.*—Cœlicolûm—*Hor. Od. i. xxxvii. 10.*—Numine—minas.

XL.

Quippe qui—compilatorum—*Cf. Hor. Sat. i. i. 121.*—Margine—*Cf. Juven. i. 5.*—Commemoratione—ignotæ—*Cf. Hor. Od. iv. ix. 27.*

XLI.

Muneribus—auspice—*Hor. Od. i. ii. 45.*

XLII.

Planities campi—*Hor. Od. ii. xvi. 21.*—Præruptum—cubet—apex—laqueare—*Virg. Cul. 62.*—Imago—elata—*Lucret. iii. 21.*—Limite extremo.

XLIII.

Corrueret—imminutæ—citius—adhuc interesse—suum unius—rerum novarum—potens.

XLIV.

Hor. Od. iii. xiii. 14.—Luscinæ—agit—alumnus.

XLV.

Limite—*Hor. Epist.* i. xviii. 103.—*Hor. Epist.* i. xix. 37.—
Popelli—*Æn.* viii. 237.—Molimine—*Virg. Georg.* iv. 562.—*Ovid.*
Am. i. ii. 1.—*Pers.* i. 7.

XLVI.

Ovid. Am. i. vi. 3.—*Juven.* x. 334.—Syrmata.

XLVII.

Gyros—occubuit—*Cf. Hor. A. Poet.* 143.—*Ov. Met.* xiv. 532.
—*Hor. A. Poet.* 309—*Cf. Æn.* vi. 7.

XLVIII.

Sæviebant—auctor—usi—avaritiæ—nocentissimum—ultimo
supplicio.

XLIX.

Frondescit—accus.—præcoquit—*Virg. Ecl.* ii. 67.

L.

Æn. iv. 130.—Amœna—musca—fax—lumina—*Cf. Hor. Od.* iii.
xxix. 12; ii. xvi. 10.

LI.

Ab omni parte—*Cf. Hor. Od.* ii. xvi. 27.—Loco—blanditur—
vicissim—unicè—submissius—*Cf. Cic. De Off.* i. 26.

LII.

Penetralia—*Æn.* i. 634.—Alveus—cohors—*Cf. Hor. Od.* i. iii.
31.—*Ov. Acont. Cyd.* 139.—*Hor. Od.* iii. ii. 24.

LIII.

Hor. Sat. i. vi. 74.—*Devia—Virg. Ecl.* ii. 60.—*Virg. Ecl.* vii. 21.—*Virg. Ecl.* iv.

LIV.

Iacchus—mala dura—gubernabunt.

LV.

Perdite amaret—musices—*Cf. Æn.* i. 324.—Nec adeo ut—tentasset—inter cadendum.

LVI.

Hor. Od. iv. iii. 21.—*Æn.* vi. 165.—*Juven.* xiii. 83.—*Virg. Ecl.* i. 5.—Plural—munera.

LVII.

Lux sine luce—*Æn.* ii. 301.

LVIII.

Perpetui—*Hor. Od.* i. xxxviii. 1.—*Hor. Od.* iii. i. 18.—Medullis—cessantem—*Hor. Od.* iii. xxix. 58.

LIX.

Consulto—rationi—propulsemus—repetat—per se ipsa—ad amussim.

LX.

Amœnius—gestit—*Hor. Od.* iv. iv. 44.—Superbiens—*Cf. Hor. Od.* i. xxx. 7—*Hor. Od.* ii. vii. 22.—Eximiae—*Hor. Od.* iv. xiv. 31.

LXI.

Innocuos Lares—amantior—conjurati—tinnit—Mnemosyne—læta.

LXII.

Domus—*Cf. Hor. Od. i. xxix. 14.*—Discrepat—evellendi—exutum.

LXIII.

Lumine—*Hor. Od. i. vi. 20.*—Conderet—corrupta.—*Æn. vii. 14.*—Candentes—*Æn. v. 741.*—*Ov. Met. iii. 357.*—Tramite—*Cf. Propert. iv. i. 108.*

LXIV.

Comparative—*Virg. Georg. i. 188.*—tenello.

LXV.

Hor. Od. iii. xxix. 63—Ib. i. xxxiv. 8.—*Hor. Od. i. iii. 18.*—*Virg. Georg. iii. 91.*—*Hor. Od. iii. iii. 46.*—Pumicibus.

LXVI.

Cf. Hor. A. Poet. 21.—prorsus—abhinc—*Cf. Juven. iii. 74.*—*Cf. Æn. xii. 894.*—*Liv. i. 23.*—Ingeniosæ—*Cic. pro Mur. c. 2.*—*Hor. Epist. i. vii. 98.*—*Hor. Od. ii. x. 17.*—*Cf. iii. xvii. 2.*

LXVII.

Æn. iii. 262.—Cœrula—*Cf. Æn. iv. 328.*—cura—*Cf. Ov. Pen. Uliss. 104.*

LXVIII.

Non cessaturi—sensim—*Ov. Fast. ii. 806.*—Leve discrimen—*Cf. Hor. Od. ii. v. 23.*—Trutinetur—*Æn. i. 535.*—Plural.

LXIX.

Juven. viii. 1.—*Hor. Od. iii. i. 14.*—*Hor. Od. i. iii. 9.*—*Hor. Od. ii. iii. 26.*—*Hor. Od. i. vi. 4.*—*Hor. Od. ii. iii. 24.*

LXX.

Inversi abeant—abrogata sit—conquiescat.

LXXI.

Corollas—innocuo—plural—supercilium—illæso.

LXXII.

Obvius—ferales—sede—curta—*Cf. Juven. i. 5.*

LXXIII.

Prodigum—*Cf. Hor. Od. i. xii. 38.*—Inducit—*Cf. Plin. xxxv. 10.*—Quippe qui—vel tenuissima.

LXXIV.

Cf. Virg. Georg. ii. 160.—*Cf. Lucan. Phar. i. 213.*—Contristat—*Cf. Hor. Sat. i. i. 36.*—Sordidulas—juxta—sunt qui—lenimina—agit.

LXXV.

Cf. Hor. Epod. xvii. 1.—*Cf. Hor. Od. i. xii. 31.*—*Cf. Hor. Od. i. i. 6*—fut. in rus.

LXXVI.

Cf. Juven. x. 16.—*Georg. iii. 495.*—*Æn. i. 321.*—*Æn. v. 432.*

LXXVII.

Malignis—mente—sustinuisse—*Cf. Ov. Fast. v. 302.*—Eademque—*Ov. Trist. iv. vi. 50.*

LXXVIII.

Cf. Hor. A. Poet. 5.—Hospites—*Cf. Cic. de Orat. i. 50.*—Ad enodandos—*Cf. Cic. de N. Deor. iii. 24.*—*Cf. Hor. Od. i. xxvi. 5.*—Facultatis quantulum—*Hor. Od. ii. i. 9*—*Cf. in universum.*

LXXIX.

Caducum—limite—fut. in rus—venustas—eademque.

LXXX.

Commendata—Cf. *Hor. Od.* III. ii. 2.—Jugali—Cf. *Æn.* iv. 16.

LXXXI.

Corriperem—*Hor. Od.* III. iii. 10.—Cf. *Hor. Od.* II. vii. 15.—*Hor. Od.* II. i. 23.—*Hor. Od.* III. iv. 48.—*Hor. Od.* IV. iv. 76.

LXXXII.

Componit—levis—pallebat quod vinceret—imagine.

LXXXIII.

Instrue—tristia—inamœna—abreptos—divellat.

LXXXIV.

Minitata—impete—*Æn.* xi. 284.—*Æn.* i. 489.—accipienda.

LXXXV.

Ad usum—salebrosum—reverâ—inde exeundum est.

LXXXVI.

Sopiti—perbrevis—species—patet—interiora.

LXXXVII.

Sub voce caducâ—*Æn.* vi. 472.—*Æn.* i. 409.—*Æn.* iii. 286.—Exigeret—cibum.

LXXXVIII.

Hor. Od. III. ii. 24.—Ingratam—hebetent—Cf. *Æn.* vi. 732.—Alma—aurâ—Cf. *Æn.* vi. 204.

LXXXIX.

Hor. Od. III. iv. 5.—Fervor—atrox—*Cf. Hor. Od.* II. i. 24.—
Hor. Od. III. v. 21.—*Hor. Od.* II. xvii. 12.—*Cf. Hor. Od.* I.
 x. 19.

XC.

Lethi—adorea—*Cf. Hor. Od.* IV. iv. 41.—*Hor. Epist.* II. ii. 209.
 —*Æn.* vi. 439.—interitus—acies—artus—*Hor. Od.* IV. ix. 52.

XCI.

Quantula—omnino—proximè—patulo—crustosâ—laminâ—usa
 —hodie—apice—*Cf. Hor. Od.* III. xxi. 20.

XCII.

Vexilla—*Virg. Georg.* iv. 86.—Est qui—*Cf. Æn.* vi. 314.—
 Acies hebetata—*Cf. Pers.* ii. 9 ; v. 184.—*Cf. Hor. Od.* II. vii. 3.

XCIII.

Vorticibus—adesa—rutilanti—superimpendet—exstructa—
 æquoræ.

XCIV.

Hor. Od. I. xiv. 16—deferbuit—unicus e cœtu—nænia—*Cf.*
Hor. Od. II. xx. 21.

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